

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 16, No. 21.

(The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)  
Office: 26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 4, 1903.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.  
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. } Whole No. 801

## Things in General

THE Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Sir Gilbert Parker, it appears, are at the bad business of soliciting alms for Canada through the columns of the London "Times." The appeal is made, according to the brief cable despatches which have been received, in behalf of the Diocese of New Westminster, and ten thousand pounds is the modest amount which the British public are asked to subscribe. I am not in possession of details as to the purposes for which so large a sum is alleged to be necessary, but I cannot conceive of the needs of any religious or charitable work in any corner of the Dominion being so extensive or so urgent that the people of Great Britain should be called upon to contribute such a sum as fifty thousand dollars. The Archbishop of Rupert's Land is the Rev. Dr. Machray, a fine missionary bishop, but a prelate who has never been truly in touch with Canadian sentiment or whose experience extends outside of the waste places of the far North-West, where everything in the religious line has been imported or contributed from afar, from prayer-books to parsons and from the surplice on the priest's back to the wine in the church demijohn. It is perhaps not surprising, therefore, that Archbishop Machray, who is that most inconsistent mixture, a Scotchman by race and an Anglican by persuasion, should still regard Canada as a primitive country and its people a poverty-stricken pack who must look to the Mother Land for the wherewithal to lift them out of barbarism. It is surprising, however, to find attached to such an appeal the name of Sir Gilbert Parker, who must understand something of Canadian spirit even though he is not by any means a typical Canadian. I do not think that either the Archbishop of Rupert's Land or anyone else has the right to place this country in a false and humiliating position by a begging letter in the "Times" at this particular juncture when we are boasting of unprecedented prosperity and when the English press is telling us that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for not contributing to the cost of Imperial defence. The time has surely come for the mass of English Churchmen in Canada, if they value their Canadian independence and the good name of their church, to insist that the latter shall cease appearing before the British public as a mendicant and poverty-stricken institution. What attempt has been made to raise in Canada the sum mentioned by Archbishop Machray as necessary to carry on the work of salvation in the New Westminster diocese? How many Canadians, even those of the Anglican communion, have been made aware that such an amount is needed? These are questions which it is pertinent to ask, and to which Archbishop Machray or his colleagues in missionary work in the West should vouchsafe a candid answer.

The whole system of alms-asking abroad for work which should be shouldered by those at home, is of a piece with the practice of accepting private benefactions for public objects, which in recent years has become so widespread in this country and in the United States. Men of means are looked to to provide the public with luxuries which should be paid for by those who use them. Every upstart who has amassed a fortune by questionable methods can establish a reputation as a philanthropist by giving back to the public a portion of his ill-gotten gains. Wealthy cities do not hesitate to solicit the gifts of notoriety-loving millionaires. The public conscience has been dulled and public spirit has been impoverished by the constantly recurring spectacle of mendicancy on the one hand and patronizing largesse on the other. There are doubtless thousands of persons in Toronto who will condemn Archbishop Machray for begging the pounds and shillings of the British public for work which should be done by Canadians, who would justify Toronto's acceptance of Andrew Carnegie's money for a public library. Yet the latter is a case of begging as palpable as the former, and more discreditable, if possible, to national self-respect. Carnegie does not give his thousands except to those who have solicited them. Toronto, or some one on its behalf, had to petition for a gift before it could be offered. A new public library is a much less urgent requirement in Toronto than the carrying on of church work in the West, for seeking subscriptions to which from the over-burdened British public Archbishop Machray is being justly criticized. Toronto's example in the Carnegie matter is certain to be used by smaller places throughout Ontario as a precedent for coolly soliciting similar endowments, to the hurt of communal independence and of public spirit. Already one town, Owen Sound, which has had a library restricted to the use of paying members, is taking steps to convert it into a public library, with the avowed object of then "touching" Mr. Carnegie for a gift. Such a proceeding ought to be regarded as demoralizing to self-respect, if it is not so regarded. The characteristic weakness of the age seems to be the desire to get something for nothing; individuals, municipalities and public bodies, churches and colleges, are all apparently on the chase for things which they have not become entitled to by their own efforts. It is the day of the bargain counter, the begging letter, and the get-rich-quick scheme. The inevitable result is that burdens are not fairly apportioned and those who enjoy advantages are not the ones who must pay for them. When public opinion is restored to a healthy state, as it will undoubtedly be upon such matters, men will be too self-reliant to accept gifts which come with the odor of charity clinging to them, and too proud to ask others to bear financial burdens which they did not create.

NOW that the fight in the Legislature is over and the Government has carried its point in sending the Gagey charges to a judicial commission for investigation, no good end can be served by the continual revision of the matter by the party press. The public is tired of ex parte statements and arguments, and anxious only for the facts. If the facts are not properly exposed by the judicial commission the public will justify the Opposition in opening up the whole thing again in the House. But until the Commission gets to work and shows whether it is going to be an effective inquiry or not the matter of the Gagey allegations and the Government's defence might well be dropped by the newspapers of both sides. "Saturday Night's" position was so clearly stated that it could not be misunderstood. This paper strongly favored investigation by a committee of the House in preference to a judicial commission, and made no bones about saying that the former would have been the right and proper course. But now that the charges have been sent to a commission, "Saturday Night" accepts the situation and awaits the result of the investigation, with the determination not to prejudice either of the parties or to discuss the evidence until it is all in.

THE spectacle of Hon. John Costigan leading the House of Commons like a Seventeenth of March parade is funny, but not reassuring to believers in popular government. No resolution ever introduced in the Canadian Parliament could have been more ill-timed than the Home Rule resolution adopted last Tuesday night by a vote of 102 to 41. The troubles of the Irish were never in such a fair way to be settled by the British Parliament upon its own initiative and by a method which will remove the foundation of every real grievance by giving back to the people their land. The land question has been at the root of Ireland's political unrest. At a time when the British Parliament is prepared to vote a fabulous sum in order to settle the land question, and the Irish leaders are friendly to this course, it is surely a piece of impertinence for Canada to chip in with the suggestion that Home Rule is the right thing and the only right thing. Of course nobody in this country takes either John Costigan or his resolution seriously. It is thoroughly understood that the whole thing is a beautiful play to the gallery. But the same truth will not be apprehended in England or Ireland. Canada has so much business of her own to look after that it is simply preposterous for her to be worrying over other people's affairs. It is argued that since the Canadian Parliament passed a resolution concerning South Africa at the instance of the Imperial authorities, the latter cannot object if it passes another concerning Ireland at its own instance. This may be true, and yet there must be an end somewhere to our going outside the matters that concern us. The circumstances lead-

ing up to the resolution on the Transvaal embargo were quite extraordinary. The Canadian Parliament could not have declined to put itself on record without seeming to betray the Imperial cause and censure British diplomacy. Yet it was perhaps an unwise course, if not constitutionally unwarrantable, for the Home Government to ask the Colonial Parliaments to meddle with a matter in the direction of which they had no voice. In future it would be well for both the British Government and the Government of Canada to adhere strictly to the safe rule of each minding its own business. A splendid opportunity of creating a precedent in this direction arose when the truculent Mr. Costigan introduced his Home Rule resolution. The opportunity was lost, or rather perverted, through the uncontrollable desire of the leaders on both sides, as well as many of their followers, to make a little party and personal capital with voters of Irish descent. Forty-one members, however, opposed the resolution. Now that the Canadian House has for the second time so emphatically advised the British House of Commons upon this matter, let us hope that Mr. Costigan and all of his ilk will be satisfied to let the matter rest, without demanding a recount.

"MAN'S inhumanity to man," declares the poet, "makes countless thousands mourn," and the same might be said of man's uncharity to man. Whatever may have been the crime with which Sir Hector Macdonald stood charged, it seems to me a pitiful thing that judgment should be executed on his helpless clay, yet the cables have told how the mortal remains of this man, who was the idol of the Scotch nation, and whom kings and princes, as well as the common people, had delighted to honor, were "shoved into a one-horse van, covered with advertisements, which drove across London to King's Cross Station followed by two cabs," and were then "deposited on the floor of a dirty luggage van

partizan observer, look extremely fair, not to say magnanimous.

Of course it is difficult, and always will be so, under our system of representative government, to do justice to minorities under any system of subdividing the country that may be devised. The new unit of representation is 25,367. That is to say, each and every member of Parliament is supposed to represent as nearly as may be that number of people. Adhering to county boundaries, it is manifestly difficult to meet this condition even approximately. Some counties have more than the requisite population for one member, yet not enough for two. Russell, for example, has 35,000 population, and Kent has 31,000. Other counties have much less than 25,367 population, but cannot be deprived of the right to elect one member while the principle of preserving county boundaries is maintained. Frontenac has only 12,000, Peel 13,687, Carleton 19,377. Numerous cases of the sort might be cited. It is possible that in the next Parliament hardly a single member will represent the true unit of representation, namely, 25,367, though all may do so approximately. But the same may be said of the system introduced by Sir John A. Macdonald under which counties were carved and butchered into fearful and wonderful shapes and combinations, with the ostensible object of equalizing the representation, but really for the purpose of securing party advantage. No absolutely just and perfect system can be worked out. Quebec, where county boundaries have not been violated, elects sixty Liberals and only five Conservatives, though the total vote polled by the former is but 115,000 and that of the latter 90,000. This looks unjust, and is unjust. But how is a remedy to be applied? If, on the one hand, county boundaries are violated, the door is thrown wide open for the graver injustice of a gerrymander, and in addition the communal sense of those inhabiting the same county is outraged. If municipal boundaries are



"IRELAND FOREVER!"

John Costigan's Belated 17th of March celebration.

of the Scotch express." At the graveside there was not present a single one of the great men with whom the disgraced hero had fraternized in life, to testify to a human charity large enough to cover the shortcomings which Hector Macdonald had expiated in a manner so terrible. There are some crimes which cannot be forgiven, which forever place the doer beyond the pale of society. But until the proposed court-martial had determined the merits of the charges hanging over Macdonald, there was room for doubt, and while there was room for doubt surely there was room for charity. True, by taking his life the man seemed to admit his guilt, but it is now stated with positiveness that he had again and again asserted his innocence, and if it is true that his mind was diseased, or that he had been a victim of a social conspiracy in Ceylon, it may be that suicide signified nothing in his case but stark fear or mad despondency. I am not saying that this is probable, but it is possible, and while there remained an iota of doubt as to the guilt of the accused it seems to me that the military and official classes would have appeared to better advantage in the eyes of the world had they paid a tribute of sorrow, if not respect, at the grave of the man who had made his name justly famous in every quarter of the British Empire. To Hector Macdonald it could matter not that his poor clay was dumped into the cold pit with little more ceremony than would have attended the burial of a dog. He was beyond the reach of any indignity wrought upon his person, but the officials of the State he had faithfully served and the army officers with whom he had fought side by side, and to whom he had long been a cherished comrade, might surely have given some public token of regret without injuring themselves in the estimation of the world.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S redistribution bill, necessitated by the new census as well as by the pledge of the Liberal party to wipe out the nefarious gerrymander of 1882, looks at this stage like a fair measure which will meet with the approval of the country. Much will depend on the work of the joint committee representing both parties, but the principle of adhering to county boundaries is, all things considered, the fairest that can be applied and stamps the new measure at the outset as a just proposition. The Conservatives, who never could be fair in a redistribution, and for twenty-one years have been the beneficiaries of an outrageous gerrymander of constituencies, are naturally suspicious of Liberal intentions, and a good many of them are inclined to cry before they are hurt. Even if Sir Wilfrid Laurier should take a partizan advantage in the redistribution, the Conservatives should swallow their medicine like men. They everlastingly "soaked" the Grits in 1882; they made not the slightest reparation for the wrong in 1892; and in 1898 they rejected a fair measure offered them by their opponents and staked everything on their chance of again gaining power at the next ensuing elections. In neither reason nor honor could they have ground for complaint if Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government used them in its heyday of power as they used the Liberals, and therefore the Conservative press should cease whining about the provisions of a bill which, to the non-

adhered to, some counties will inevitably have a fraction more than the representation they are strictly entitled to, others a fraction less. Of the two evils, the latter, which is the one chosen by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is undoubtedly the less. Only under some such system as the Hare-Spence method of voting can absolute justice be done, and both majority and minority be represented according to numerical strength. But the Hare-Spence system is not even suggested as a practicable solution of the difficulty. The Government has to deal with the representative system as defined by the constitution, and no revolutionary change can be considered. The question is merely how to do the largest measure of justice in making the changes necessitated by the fluctuation of population.

I HAVE frequently of late come across the name "Rev. J. A. Macdonald" in reports of the Ministerial Association and other clerical gatherings, and I concluded for a time that there must be two "J. A. Macdonalds" belonging to the Presbyterian persuasion in Toronto—the one who edits the "Globe" and some other one. It appears, however, that this is not the case. The gentleman who writes the political leader of the chief Liberal organ is also the gentleman who offers prayer and takes part in discussions among the clerical brethren at their Monday morning meetings. Now this is a bit confusing to the ordinary, unregenerate mind. Most clergymen when they take up a secular calling drop the distinguishing prefix of "Reverend" and though they may continue to be as truly religious as ever, they generally withdraw from clerical activities. Not so with Brother Macdonald, who evidently considers that there is nothing inconsistent or unbecoming in a working politician and also at the same time a working parson. Perhaps Brother Macdonald is right; perhaps, on the other hand, he is wrong. I think the general sense of the public is that the two occupations are inconsistent, and that it is up to the editor of the "Globe" now that he is fairly immersed in political controversy, to drop the "Rev." and be a plain "Mr." like other journalists. The cartoon on page 8 hits off the situation in a humorous way, but behind the humor is there not a solemn truth?

THE fascinating but fantastic dream of a pan-American inter-continental railway is not a new one, having been considered by several pan-American congresses, but it has never been regarded as a practical proposition such as the Cape to Cairo road, and it is somewhat surprising to learn that the United States Congress has appropriated money to investigate as to the best route and to gather facts relative to the trade opportunities that might be developed by such a line. The railroad distance from New York to Buenos Ayres is placed at 10,471 miles, and it is stated that of the whole distance there is now a continuous rail line from New York to the southern frontier between Mexico and Guatemala, and that in Central and South America there are about 1,500 miles more in operation that would be available, leaving gaps approximating 5,000 miles to be filled in. The probable commencement of work on the Panama Canal is regarded as a

good business reason for continuing the line from Mexico through the Central American States to the route of the canal, as the rails would be a factor for some years to come in conveying supplies and material to the canal builders. It has been estimated that to fill in all the gaps to complete the line to Buenos Ayres would cost \$200,000,000, and it is said that Andrew Carnegie is taking a great interest in the scheme. But it is very doubtful, after all, if such a line will ever be in operation. Between South and North America there is comparatively little social intercourse or community of feeling, nor is there likely to be more travel than can be adequately handled along the cheap if slow coasting routes. An all-rail line could not compete with the water route in hauling freights north and south. So what would there be for ten thousand miles of railway to do, apart from the traffic on local sections? After all, the highways of the world's commerce lie east and west, not north and south. There are political reasons for the Cape to Cairo railway, but such incentives do not promise much for the newly-hatched Yankee project.

TWO or three weeks ago I discussed at some length the legal status of trades unions in this country, and referred to the rumor that the Dominion Parliament was to be asked to pass legislation to protect the unions from such judgments as the Taff Vale decision in England. Now it is stated that the Ontario Legislature also is to be asked for protective legislation, and the enactments which it will be requested to place on the statute book have appeared in the newspapers in the form of resolutions. The subject is an important one, and I give below the clauses of the proposed bill in full:

"1. No trade union or any combination of workmen or employees in Ontario, nor the trustees of any such union or combination in their representative capacity, shall be liable in damages for any wrongful act of commission or omission in connection with any strike, lock-out, or trade or labor dispute unless the members of such union or combination or its council, committee or other governing body by the rules, regulations or directions of such union or combination or the resolutions or directions of its members resident in the locality or a majority thereof shall have authorized or shall have been a confederating party in such wrongful act.

"2. No such trade union or association shall be enjoined, nor shall any officer, member, agent or servant of such union or association nor any other person be enjoined, nor shall it or its funds nor any such officer, member, agent, servant or other person, be made liable in damages for communicating to any workman, artisan, laborer, employee or person, facts respecting employment or hiring by or with any employer, producer, or consumer or distributor of the products of labor or the purchase of such products, or for persuading or endeavoring to persuade by fair or reasonable argument without unlawful threats, intimidation or other unlawful acts, such last-named workman, artisan, laborer, employee or person, at the expiration of any existing contract not to renew the same with or to refuse to become the employee or customer of any such employer, producer, consumer or distributor of the products of labor.

"3. No such trade union or association or its officer, member, agent or servant or other person, shall be enjoined or liable in damages, nor shall its funds be liable in damages for publishing information with regard to a strike or lock-out or proposed or expected strike or lock-out or for warning workmen, artisans, laborers, or employees or other persons against seeking or urging workmen, artisans, laborers, employees or other persons not to seek employment, in the locality affected by such strike, lock-out, labor grievance or trouble, or from purchasing, buying or consuming products made or distributed by the employer of labor party to such strike, lock-out, labor grievance or trouble, during its continuance."

This is legislation of a very far-reaching sort and should have the most careful consideration before it is passed. The most objectionable feature is contained in clause 3, which looks like a straight legislation of boycotting, inasmuch as it enacts that no union, or its officers or members, or "other person" shall be liable in damages for warning other persons from purchasing, buying or consuming products made or distributed by employers having a strike or lock-out on their hands.

TWO new labor organizations, one in Indiana and the other in New York State, are attracting attention for two reasons: they are incorporated, and they are openly hostile to some of the labor union methods that have aroused criticism. The Indiana organization is known as the Independent American Mechanics' Union. Its articles of incorporation read:

"The objects of this association shall be to encourage industry, economy, thrift and honesty among its members; to maintain amicable relations between employees and employers of labor; to assist its individual members in obtaining the highest wages consistent with the general good of all concerned; to promote all forms of productive industry and increase the employment of labor at good wages; to prevent unjust and unreasonable discrimination against any of its members by any person, combination, or conspiracy to prevent such members from securing employment in any branch of industry, and to protect and defend its members against any and all attempts by any person or combination of persons to abridge the inalienable right of all mankind to work for such wages as shall be mutually satisfactory to the individual workman and his employer."

The New York organization is described and commented upon by the New York "Journal of Commerce" as follows:

"The Independent Labor League of America has been incorporated at Albany, which indicates a willingness to take the responsibilities of a legalized organization. Among its declared purposes are to 'oppose strikes, lock-outs, boycotts, and black-lists.' It will also seek to obtain higher wages, shorter hours, and better conditions 'by intelligent application of energies, earnest co-operation with employers, and legitimate business methods.' If it confines itself to these methods and accepts the conclusions to which they lead, it may serve a useful purpose; but its chief promise lies in rallying the spirit of independence and manhood in American workmen, which will help to put down the abuses to which labor unions have become addicted through a bad leadership which is mostly of foreign origin."

These movements are, of course, not yet important, but they may prove to be the first harbingers of a new order.

THE defeated candidate in Center Bruce and his political and legal advisers ought to know what they are doing, and may think that it is nobody's business outside of the constituency that a second protest has been entered against Mr. Hugh Clark, M.P.P. But the Center Bruce case is more than a local matter owing to the exceptional conditions surrounding the last contest. Mr. Clark won his election against tremendous odds, and nobody can ever be made to believe that he was victorious through the use of improper means. He is well entitled to the fruits of his victory, and ought to be allowed undisturbed possession of his twice-won seat. To assail him again is a tactical blunder; it is impossible to see how a second protest can effect any good result for the Liberals, either in Center Bruce or in the province at large. The public are sick of purely factious election petitions. Major Clark should be let alone.

IT is fortunate, perhaps, that Lord Dundonald is the General Officer Commanding the active militia of Canada at the present time. Canadians are not in the mood to be talked to in the spirit that Old Country military men too often display. Lord Dundonald has shown that he is not only a gallant soldier, but a man of ideas. He has shown, also, that he is in advance of the majority of his profession in recognizing that the world has advanced since the Crimean war, and socially he is man of the world enough to see that the patronizing air of the Imperial "regular" will not be tolerated by Canadian volunteers, even if they are referred to as "colonial militia" in War Office reports. But, brilliant



and thorough soldier as Lord Dundonald undoubtedly is, he is still a soldier, and probably there is no more difficult thing in the world, even after the pipe-clay has been eradicated from the bones of the man who follows the profession of arms, than the almost impossible task of persuading him that the principal business of mankind is business, and that the pursuit of happiness in this world and the next leaves life too short to keep awake half the nights wondering whether some foreign country is not after the one you live in. People on this side of the Atlantic simply haven't time to waste in devoting more than a reasonable amount of money and energy to the task of preventing a possible enemy whose time is also limited, and who, after all, has the same trend of thought as ourselves, from crossing the border and forcibly making us citizens of another country. We cannot but believe that civilization is sufficiently far advanced to make it highly improbable that the United States would wish to violently and with difficulty annex a country unfriendly to it, and in that event we would be slightly ridiculous in taxing ourselves to a burdensome extent or prancing around the country for years on the off chance of something occurring which is getting every day more and more remote. The danger of invasion from the United States is too far away to cause any recommendation for heavy military expenditure to be endorsed by the Canadian people. Now that much of the band-playing, banner-dancing part of war has been done away with, and our soldiers are dressing in russet-brown, it is questionable whether even as fine a soldier as Lord Dundonald will be able to procure a vote for any extraordinary sum from a representative Canadian Parliament. Our common sense will probably go with the Officer Commanding in his recommendation as to the formation of rifle clubs, but the romance of war is dead, and beyond a practical, reasonable, patriotic and progressive preparation to face a danger indefinitely remote, and which, if it has to be faced, will be faced under conditions that are changing every day, no scheme of general armament will appeal strongly to the Canadian people. Canadians are patriotic, but most of our drilling in the past was mere healthful recreation. We will take kindly to rifle shooting, but have neither time nor money for very much else in the line of war.

**PUBLIC** opinion will certainly endorse Sir Wilfrid Laurier's resolution to raise the tax on Chinamen entering Canada to \$500 per head. Much can be said in favor of cheap coolie labor for such industries as those of the Pacific Coast, yet nobody doubts that so long as British Columbia is a yellow man's country and not a white man's country, so long will the development of that section of the Dominion be slower than it ought to be in view of its natural wealth. White labor in British Columbia has not always been its own best friend. Wage-earners at the mines and in the cities have furnished employers of labor with reasons for preferring the docile and machine-like Chinaman to the discontented and capricious white. The retarded development of British Columbia is due in some measure to strikes and agitations as well as to the ubiquity of the unprogressive Chinese. But in the long run it is an economic impossibility for the white man and the coolie to dwell side by side, and there can be no hesitation on the part of the average Canadian, East or West, in choosing between white supremacy in the western confines of the Dominion and the condition of affairs that has hitherto existed there. We do not want the Chinaman in Canada. We are justified in not wanting him. But let us be honest and ask ourselves if it is a fair deal that the almond-eyed Celestial is treated as a universal pariah by the white man and taxed out of the white man's country, on overrunning it with missionaries and soldiers, and patrolling its coasts and ports with warships? Where is the Christian Church going to stand on this question? While demanding for missionaries the right to enter China at will, how many preachers of the Gospel of equality and charity in this country will lift up their voices against the un-Christian-like regulation under which Chinamen are to be driven back from our coasts and from opportunity of contact with Christian society? Man is a strangely inconsistent being, but it may be doubted if there is anything more illogical in his whole history than the record of Christendom's treatment of the backward peoples of the world.

### The Marriage of Hugh O'Rourke.

By Nora Chesson.

**O**VER the low fire in the middle of the waste place that had been a banquet hall crouched Hugh O'Rourke. He was wet and chilled to the bone with a long ride through mountain mists in the heart of winter. There was winter in his heart, too, for his sept was a broken one, and his name proscribed, and where his father might have held together the breaking fortunes of name and clan by the sheer power of voice and face, Hugh the younger had been borne by his mother in a time of tempest and terror, and his face was wan and uncomely and his eyes wild and sad.

He held his hands to the fire, but there was little warmth in it, and there was no comfort elsewhere in all the great house where he dwelt, a little kernel in a great shell made for one fairer and stronger far than he.

He took up his sword and laid it across his knees, looking at it with weary eyes, for his was not the soldier's nature, and many a time had his heart sickened at the thought of battle and blood, though he was a pretty fighter when the red time came and men were cheering and grappling together for the Red Hand and the Wolf.

But to Hugh now, in this chill time of doubt and danger, the old lights seemed dim and there was no new star rising, and he felt to wishing that he had died in the birthing, or ever his mother set her cold kiss upon his unwelcome face.

"My father did not well to take a woman by force," he said aloud to the sinking fire that was all his company. "Black eyes and yellow hair pleased him well, belike, but he pleased not my mother, and she revenged her upon me who was innocent and unborn, giving me an April mind and a craving heart for her gifts on the day that she conceived me. That I was little and ugly hurt me not, nor that I was sickly, for my father loved me as well as he loved handsome Anthony, who is dead—and God rest him! But that I was born of anger and fear hurts me sore, and I shall avenge it to the end. Who enters there, in the name of God?"

He sprang up, sword in hand, and then laughed at his outcry, for it was a girl child who stood in the doorway, a little maid of eleven years, fair to see, white as a snowdrop, with pale yellow hair streaming from under her put-back hood.

"Little maid, you come to an empty house," Hugh O'Rourke said, "but you are welcome. You do not come alone?"

"I come alone, Aodh," she said, answering his English with the Irish tongue. "I shall not fill your house."

Hugh stood still beside the fire while she came slowly down the room toward him, shaking the raindrops from her flowing hair as she came. A little way from the fire she stood, looking at him with large eyes.

"Why do you meet me with bare steel?" she said. "I looked for other greeting from your father's son, Hugh O'Rourke."

Hugh cast down his sword upon the bench he had risen from and took a step forward to meet her. Then he stopped, amazed, for it was not a child she was, but a grown woman it was that cast off hood and cloak and came to him with eager face and eager hands.

"Hugh O'Rourke," she said, again in the kindly Irish tongue, "have you forgotten me so soon?"

"Have I ever seen you before, O fair one?" Hugh said. Then, because her fingers were warm in his and her eyes dwelt on his, he ceased questioning and had no more wonder or fear at the fairy change that had passed upon her in a moment, making a woman out of a child.

"I am she you have desired so long," she said, with tears and laughter in her voice. "I am she whose eyes you have seen in many faces that looked not kind on you, whose breast you have desired to lie on so many times, whose soul your soul has sought and never found. And never would you have found me in this life, beloved, if I had not sought you out. Your name means light, Hugh, but there was thick darkness on your eyes till to-night. Now—she fitted the deed to the word—now I have kissed them, can they see?"

And she laid her mouth to his mouth, and the beating heart of her fluttered like a bird against his breast, and the fairy eyes of her darkened and laughed and lightened into his and set all his blood on fire.

A little while they clung together so; then he put her from him and held her at arm's length, looking at her with eyes that were an hungered.

"Is there a spell of silence upon you, Hugh?" cried the woman. "Speak to me, beloved, and look the while!"

"Might I die looking?" Hugh said. "I should not then think—and grow cold to think—of nothing on the other side."

"Nothing? Where is your faith, O'Rourke?"

"My mother taught me no faith, fair one. My father



"CAP" SULLIVAN.

This is the first picture of a much-talked-about individual that has appeared in any Toronto paper. "Saturday Night's" artist is said to have got a very characteristic study of the famous politician.

taught me only swordplay, and myself has taught myself to distrust myself, and no more."

"Learn faith in yourself, then, of me, O'Rourke. Shall I not be on that other side you speak of? For I came thence to-night."

"If I dared only think of it, beloved," Hugh said. "Yet you have mortal beauty upon your face and body."

"What do you know of mortality, Hugh O'Rourke? And beauty is that core of our little life that cannot pass away, though the fruit that covers it turn rotten after growing ripe. Kiss me—nay, but only with your eyes, beloved—and tell me how mortal I am."

He knelt down beside her now and cast his arms about her fair body as she sat in his seat, looking up at her with eyes that changed slowly their wonder for worship. Then he loosed a hand and drew down a thick curl of yellow hair to his lips, and presently blindefolded his eyes with its softness.

"I am answered," the woman said at last. "That which is not mortal in you has spoken to me immortal, and we know one another. So"—she drew the bandage of hair from his eyes and smiled down into them—"you love me, Hugh?"

"If I know what love is, beloved."

"You know the better now for having waited to know it. Men have lost their souls learning their lesson too early. You shall lose only your body, Hugh."

"Not a sore loss, beloved. My body has served me long enough."

"Yet I was drawn to that body, Hugh. It has not served you all so ill, beloved." She uncovered his eyes and looked deep into them, laughing. "I am beauty and I am love, and I have chosen to lie on the bosom of a man whom the tongue of his dreams, a soldier whose sword has won him nothing—and there is beauty and success and strength in this world outside. How is it you can keep me here, Hugh?"

"Sweet, I shall never know."

"Hush, unbeliever! Let us be man and woman together for a little. My feet are cold, and I have hunger and thirst upon me, Hugh. Are you alone here?"

"I have two serving-men."

"You shall be my serving-man to-night. Let your men sleep, and we will eat our marriage feast together."

"But you are cold, beloved. Let me bring wood to mend the fire."

"Nay; bring me food and drink, and let be the fire. You

shall warm my hands in your hands, Hugh, when we have eaten together."

"Dear, what will you eat? There is only coarse bread here, but I have red wine in my butt, and there is honey in the comb, I think, and store of apples in the loft—Winter Queenings and the like."

"Bring me here the bread and wine and honey, beloved, and we will make a wedding feast of these. And bring me a Winter Queening that we may play ball with it when we have eaten. Are you quick-handed at the ball-playing, Hugh?"

"With you, maybe, beloved. I have been slow at all games until to-day."

He went out, and came back soon with the bread and wine in a basket on his arm, the apple in his hand, and a silk coverlet over his shoulder. He laid the quilt down at her feet.

"This for your carpet, beloved. Now will you eat?"

She drank half the cup of wine that he poured out, and Hugh drank after her; then they broke bread and ate the honeycomb together.

"We have eaten and drunken and you have not asked my name," she said, when their meal was finished. "Is it that you are very wise of a fool, Hugh O'Rourke?"

"Herein I was a wise man, beloved."

"Tell me my name, Hugh?"

"Gannie, maybe, because you shine so bright, beloved?"

"No."

"Esca, then, because your face is as pale as the moon when she is young?"

"Not Esca. Have you heard ever of a woman that was bitterly wronged of an O'Rourke long ago, and died cursing him, and has come back and back to cry for the passing of every O'Rourke since then?"

"I have heard of her, beloved."

"I am she, the banshee of your house, Hugh O'Rourke; but for you I shall not cry. Barren years have I abided in mine anger, but now I lift my curse, for my love is put upon a man of the house that wronged me. Do you take me for your wife, O'Rourke, knowing this?"

"I take you to my wife, Ban-shee, in the face of sun and moon, and I plight troth to you past death, whether it come to-night or in fifty years."

"I take thee to my husband, Hugh O'Rourke, and I lift off my curse from thy house, thus and thus."

The woman dropped to his feet, shod in worn brogues as they were, and kissed them; rose to her knees and kissed his hands and the hilt of his sword; rose to her feet and kissed his mouth.

Then they went, handfast, into the shadowy upper end of the room, where the climbing firelight could no longer find them.

And when the morning came, rosy and wind-tossed, Hugh O'Rourke came out to his serving-men with life and the joy of life in his eyes, and he and the fair woman clinging to his arm gave them good-morrow and went forth, laughing. But, an hour later, these found the body of Hugh O'Rourke lying on his bed with shut eyes and folded hands, long cold. So the serving-men knew that they had seen and bidden farewell to the soul of Hugh O'Rourke and that all was well with him at last.—The "Sketch."

**A LANDMARK REMOVED.**

Old Francis Gentle, a peddler and Crimean veteran, well known for twelve years on the streets of Toronto, died at St. Michael's Hospital on Sunday.

shall warm my hands in your hands, Hugh, when we have eaten together."

"Dear, what will you eat? There is only coarse bread here, but I have red wine in my butt, and there is honey in the comb, I think, and store of apples in the loft—Winter Queenings and the like."

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**An Omar for Ladies.**

I sometimes think that never lasts so long The Style as when it starts a bit too strong; That all the Pompadours the parterre boasts Some Chorus-girl began, with Dance and Song.

And this Revival of the Chignon low That fills the most of us with helpless Woe, Ah, criticize it softly! for who knows What long-necked Peers had to wear it so!

Ah, my beloved, try each Style you meet; To-day brooks no loose ends; you must be neat. To-morrow! why, to-morrow you may be Wearing it down your back like Marguerite!

For some we once admired, the Very Best That ever a French hand-boned Corset prest, Were what they used to call Prunella Boots And put on Nightcaps ere they went to rest.

And we that now make fun of Waterfalls They wore, and whom their Crinoline appalls, Ourselves shall from old dusty Fashion plates Assist our Children in their Costume balls.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may wear, Before we grow so old that we don't care! Before we have our Hats made all alike, Sans Plumes, sans Wings, sans Chiffon, and—sans Hair! —JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

**The Terrors of House-Cleaning.**

**W**E live in an analytical age. Everything nowadays is analyzed, from the food we eat and the air we breathe down to the coloring matter of the stamps we stick on our letters; and as for our emotions, they are subjected to constant and minute examination at all times. Almost every day we hear of the discovery of germs in some hitherto harmless substance, and one by one our favorite dishes are forbidden us as being hotbeds of disease, which only the foolhardy dare persist in eating. Oysters have again been the cause of a microbe scare, and are very much out of favor just now; smelts are also threatened, and the poor gourmand lives in a state of constant anxiety as to which will be the next delicacy to fall under the displeasure of the bacteria-hunter.

For the present, however, food is to be given a rest; the latest craze is to have the dust—the common-or-garden, ever-present dust of the house—analyzed; and in view of the near approach of the "spring cleaning" season it is expected that many startling discoveries will be made shortly. Already the thrifty housewife is everywhere preparing to do battle with her mortal enemy, and the heart of the mere man, who plays no active part in the conflict, sinks as he conjures up thoughts of the days and weeks of discomfort and misery that he is accustomed to associate with this annual domestic campaign in the great cause of cleanliness.

But a new era is dawning for the harassed matron and her long-suffering spouse, and the season so dreaded in former years will soon lose all its terrors. No longer will all the tables and chairs be removed from their accustomed spots and stowed in places where they have no business to be, with the inevitable result that people are continually tumbling over them, to the detriment of their shins and the expenditure of much bad language. No; the advent of the vacuum cleaner will alter all this, and, in addition to the blessing of a peaceful spring cleaning, it will afford you the further pleasure of collecting all your dust neatly together ready for analytical purposes.

In this latter respect, says an English paper, Royalty, as is only right and proper, has set the example, and both Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace are having their own vacuums installed. Marlborough House has gone one better, and has not only been cleaned, but by the Princess of Wales' order the dust removed has been submitted to an analyst. Microbes of various kinds were found, and, strange as it may seem, fleas also; it is but fair to suggest, however, that even royal dogs have occasionally been known to scratch. Turning to the House of Commons, an imposing array of bacilli was found in the dust removed from its sacred precincts. In the samples analyzed no fewer than 425,800,000 organisms were reported in one ounce of original dust, most of which bear names too long and complicated to be properly pronounced, much less spelt. A somewhat curious fact is the discovery of a great quantity of Penicillium glaucum, commonly known as "mildew," a fungus which is generally only connected with things of an undisturbed and antiquated growth. Can this, it is asked, in any way be attributed to the long-continued presence and predominance of a Government whose aloof methods are said to be due to its (officially) hoary old age? If so, it would be interesting to have an immediate analysis of the dust of the various legislative chambers of our own Confederation. Innumerable other places could be mentioned, such as the law courts, newspaper offices, etc., which would be certain to yield a fertile and instructive harvest.

But in all seriousness, the dangers of dust are very real, and Sir James Crichton Browne, in his lecture at the Sanitary Institute at Manchester last autumn, showed how pernicious was the effect of dust upon health, stating that it was responsible for an appalling amount of suffering, disablement and death. Anything, therefore, which will remove some of these evils should be welcome, and the nearest approach to it at present is the machine invented by one Booth, and already extensively used in England as above described. Like most clever inventions, this machine is a very simple affair, the

principle being purely one of suction. By means of a pair of vacuum pumps an exhaust of several pounds to the square inch is maintained; lengths of hose are connected with this exhaust and terminate in "cleaners," which are tubes flattened out at the ends into a kind of long mouth; these are passed up and down the carpet, or whatever is to be cleaned, and rapidly suck out every particle of dust. The amount extracted in this way from places that to all outward appearance are kept perfectly clean is somewhat appalling. His Majesty's Theatre, London, for instance, produced no less than four hundred and twenty pounds; the Coronet Theatre three hundred and sixty pounds; the Hotel Belgravia three hundred and ninety-eight pounds, while from one carpet alone in the Carlton Hotel forty-six pounds was removed.

The only drawback to the machine is that it has not as yet been adapted to cleaning roads. But even this may come in time, and then—in summer, when the winds blow and the streets are unwatered, Toronto may regain her lost reputation as a clean and well ordered city, which in late years has been seriously impaired. In the meantime let us be thankful that spring cleaning has lost some of its horrors, and hopeful that the future has still better things in store for us.



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**L**AST Friday afternoon a dozen devotees of "bridge" were the guests of Mrs. Buchanan in quarters at Stanley Barracks for the fashionable game of the day. A pretty prize was presented at each of the three tables, and won by Mrs. Auguste Bolte, one of the best players in Toronto; Mrs. Agar Adamson, and Lady Meredith, at their respective tables. After the game was over Mrs. Buchanan gave a cosy little tea in the dining-room to the guests, who were Lady Meredith, Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. Walter Cawthra, Mrs. Agar Adamson, Mrs. Cattnach, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. Thomas Moss, Mrs. Auguste Bolte, Mrs. Magann, Mrs. Arthur Pepler and Mrs. A. E. Denison. Mrs. Sterling Ryerson and Mrs. Walter Beadmore drove out to tea after five. Mrs. Buchanan and Mrs. Buchanan are always the kindest of hosts, and their cordial welcome ushers in many enjoyable little functions.

After the final lecture of the course at Trinity in aid of St. Hilda's College this Lent, it was made known that Mrs. Rigby, the lady principal, had decided to resign. Now that St. Hilda's is prosperous and popular, Mrs. Rigby feels that she can take the rest which her devotion to the college during its upward climb did not allow her to enjoy. She leaves a high standard for future principals to live up to, and everyone agrees with the expression of regret which is heard on her resignation. The Dean of Trinity and Mrs. Rigby now occupy a suite of rooms in St. Hilda's, but will, I understand, take a house in the vicinity of the colleges after a short time.

Mrs. Clarkson Jones is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Beall in New York. Miss Muriel Massey has returned from a long visit in New York with her aunt, Mrs. George Massey. Mrs. Charles Hutchinson has returned from a visit of several months to her son in Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. W. Hamilton Miln have returned from England. Miss Bessie Walker of Hamilton is visiting Mrs. Kenneth Dunstan. Mrs. Harry Symons is visiting friends in Stratford. Mr. and Mrs. Symons and their family will reside at Balm Beach next summer, where they occupy a pleasant cottage and are always the most hospitable hosts. Mrs. Watts of Beaumont road will not receive again this season.

The merry occupation of "speeding the 'parting bride-elect and groom-to-be'" takes up many of the ante-Paque hours, for after Easter weddings are to be many and imminent. Teas and luncheons, little "by-by" dinners, and jolly suppers are the order of the day and night. There will be a smart company of "nouveaux mariés" in evidence this season at Horse Show and Races, and just now hand-shaking and good wishes are the usual greeting to the "futures."

On Friday and Saturday of last week, the pretty home of Mrs. Rowand, 30 St. Patrick street, was the rendezvous for smart friends of the hostess and her daughters and grand-daughter, who were bidden to say good-by to Miss Jessie Rowand before her marriage in Easter week. Married folk on Friday and the young set on Saturday were the congenial parties who foregathered, full of congratulation and interest in the coming nuptials. On Friday Miss Rowand and Miss Jessie received the guests, the sweet mother having her own small coterie of visitors in her boudoir upstairs, where she sat looking very bright and a wonder of cheerful endurance of her long siege of invalidism. Miss Rowand wore a rich black paillette gown, and her youngest sister, the bride-elect, was in royal purple handsomely relieved with white. For the young folks' tea, Miss Jessie, whose taste in dress is unerring, chose a lighter gown of palest grey, with touches of white. The tea-table was set in the dining-room and centered by a delicate cobweb of pink silk netting over white silk, which caught the eye of the dames at once, and is the work of Mrs. Rowand's own clever hands, and a unique novelty in table adornment. Exquisite roses were massed above it in a rich vase, and flowers were very artistically arranged everywhere. Mrs. Archie Langmuir and Mrs. Vernon Payne poured tea and chocolate on Friday, and Mrs. Arthur Pepler and Mrs. Lemesurier on Saturday. Miss Dora Rowand, whose charming bright face and musical voice are everywhere admired, was a very delightful assistant hostess to her aunts. On Friday the presence of Sir Frederick Borden was an unexpected pleasure to many of his friends. Other guests were Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mrs. Bunting, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. Cawthra of Guiseley House, Mrs. Elmsley of Barnstable, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Yarker, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Wallbridge, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Arthur Sprague, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. G. W. Parker, Mrs. Huyek Garrett, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. Bruce Riordan, Mrs. George Macdonald, Mrs. Haas, Mrs. George P. Reid, Mrs. A. Davidson, Mrs. W. H. B. Aikin, and many others. On Saturday a few of the matrons who were engaged on Friday were with the young folks and enjoyed the bright hour and company. Dr. and Mrs. Grasett came in from a ride for a cup of tea, and there were any amount of men, and among the fair guests were Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. Ernest Wright, Miss Ellwood, Miss Michie, Miss Phemie Smith, Miss Winifred Darling, Miss Thorburn, Miss Grace McTavish, Miss Alexander, Miss Buchanan, Miss Barker, Miss Delamere, Miss Sprague, the Misses Matthews and Miss Waldie, Miss Case, Miss Keating, and Miss Todd, who assisted in the tea-room. Some of the men at this jolly tea were Mr. Percival Ridout of Rosedale House, Mr. Osborne of Clover Hill, Dr. James McLeod, Mr. Norman McLeod, Captain Kay, Mr. Stewart Greer, Mr. Goulding, Mr. Hamber, Mr. Perry, Mr. Jack Creelman and Mr. Cavendish. The bridegroom-elect came in for the finish, and was cordially congratulated by old and new friends.

This and next week are generally almost devoid of social happenings, and this year is no exception. A few quiet dinners to mark the farewell of some of our friends to a single state of blessedness and a great deal of rushing about of mondaines to church and to a worse penance at the dress-maker's occupy most of the time. The fair exit of Mrs. Macdonald, who was very much missed, which sent the huntresses out in force to Davisville for the second meet of the season. The first was last Saturday.

Mrs. Crosbie (nee Sivewright of Chatham) has been on a visit to relatives in the West, and returned home a few days since.

Sir Frederick and Miss Borden returned to Ottawa on Saturday night. The banquet and concert of the Q.O.R. sergeants which Sir Frederick came up to attend was simply a huge success on Friday night. During his stay in town the handsome Minister of Militia was kept busy by his friends. Everyone wanted an hour of his bright society and his visit was much appreciated.

Mr. Arthur Guise was in town this week on business connected with the vice-regal visit. Mr. Flavell has placed his house at the disposal of His Excellency for the coming sojourn in Toronto, which is to be of some duration. The Governor-General will be here for the musical festival which is to be held in Massey Hall April 16, 17 and 18, and will come back for a longer stay later on for the Horse Show, and, I presume, the Races and will welcome the party with great pleasure, as the Mintos have always been most charming socially, and we are eminently a social community. The beautiful home of Mr. Flavell will no doubt prove a pleasant and commodious residence for the distinguished guests, and that they may thoroughly enjoy their visit is the universal hope.

The Victoria Tennis Club is stirring towards a fine summer of sport. At the annual meeting last week, Mr. J. Haydn Horsey was made honorary president by acclamation, and Mr. S. Alfred Jones continues to act as president. The usual fine committee was chosen, and Mr. Laver was elected secretary.

Mrs. S. Alfred Jones is spending the week in Dundas, and will return home to-day.

Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn returned home on Monday afternoon. Everyone sympathizes with her in the proposed absence of her daughter, Mrs. Tait, for several years in Australia, where she accompanies Mr. Tait in May, and takes

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her little daughter with her. Mrs. Cockburn is devoted to her clever little grand-daughter, and I should not be surprised to hear of a family party number two setting sail for the antipodes later on. Mrs. Tait's friends in Montreal are quite inconsolable at her departure.

Mrs. Alec Mackenzie suffered from an attack of appendicitis and on Monday morning Dr. Peters performed the usual operation, after which I was glad to hear Mrs. Mackenzie was doing very well. Callers in Rosedale were much startled on finding the cars not running round the curve in front of the Mackenzie home, as their noise prevented the rest absolutely necessary for Mrs. Mackenzie's well-being, but cheering reports allayed their anxiety later on.

The very sad death of Dr. Gilbert Gordon of Spadina avenue, son-in-law of Sir Thomas Taylor and brother of Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), occurred in Baltimore, where he had been taken for recuperation after his serious illness. Mrs. Gordon was with him and the remains were brought back to Toronto and interred on Monday. A bright, clever and useful life is thus untimely cut short, and deepest sympathy is felt for the family of the deceased physician.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Blackwell and her guest and aunt, Mrs. Jennison, received for the last time in that bijou home of which the crowning adornment has been its dainty and charming mistress. Many callers bade her a regretful good-by, and promised themselves to renew pleasant hours in the company of the new hostess, Mrs. Bigwood, who was with Mrs. Blackwell on Monday and poured tea in that delightful dining-room at a mahogany table decorated with lily of the valley and violets. Mr. and Mrs. Bigwood will occupy their new home after the warm weather, which they will spend at their summer place. Mrs. Blackwell is going abroad in May, I understand, for an extended Continental trip. Her friends here will miss her. Mr. Blackwell is to spend the summer with his own people.

Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton have sent their second daughter, Miss Naomi, to England for a year's attendance at a finishing school there. The admirers of Miss Athol will look forward to the debut of another lovely girl with much interest when Miss Naomi is "finished."

Mrs. Mara has gone to Kentucky on a visit to her own people. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd of Bobcaygeon have taken a residence at 80 Beverley street.

Mrs. Jack McKellar is en route from Boulogne to New York on the "Potsdam." Mr. McKellar will meet her and spend Easter in Gotham, returning to Toronto afterwards.

Mr. Charles Boone, who has been spending his leave with his parents here, returned to his regiment (Manchester) yesterday. During his stay in Toronto he has been a popular guest, and also in Ottawa.

Mrs. Gillespie, the Rectory, Avenue road, is in Preston

for a few weeks. She will be at home to visitors at the Rectory on Friday of Easter week.

A touching tribute to the memory of Mrs. Williamson is seen in the small purple badges now worn for the space of a month by the women of the Auxiliary of which Mrs. Williamson was president.

Most exquisite little flower boxes have been at Dunlop's all the week. Pansies with a transparent frill of lace have peeped from pretty little caskets, and nothing is more lovely for this quiet season than so sweet and dainty a gift of flowers.

Mrs. Humphrey and Mr. Sears deeply appreciate the kind sympathy extended to them in their recent bereavement.

Mrs. George Caldwell and Miss Harvey of Park road, Rosedale, left town on Thursday for a few weeks' sojourn at the Welland, St. Catharines, after which they will visit friends in Woodstock and London.

Mrs. W. J. Mooney, 266 Carlton street, will be at home the first Monday in April, and not again this season.

Mrs. Beverley G. Marshall (nee Smallpeice) is comfortably settled in her new home, 466 West 166th street, Washington Heights, New York.

Mrs. Charles D. Kingdon, mother of Mrs. George J. Gould, has been sojourning at Virginia Hot Springs with her grand-daughter, Miss Vivian Gould, who is taking the baths. Mrs. Kingdon's five o'clock tea in her apartments is a pleasant feature of the afternoon of many a smart mondaine.

The National Club private view of the O. S. A. exhibition on Saturday evening was quite a smart event. The guests were received by the president and Mrs. Ellis, Vice-president Marshall and Mrs. Marshall, and Vice-president Carter and Mrs. Carter. Among those present were Mr. J. D. Allan and Mrs. Allan, Mr. Frank Arnoldi, K.C., and Miss Arnoldi, Mr. Marshall H. Brown and Mrs. Brown, Mr. W. E. H. Carter and Miss Madeline Carter, Mr. J. C. Copp and Miss Copp, Mr. Frank Denton, Mr. K. J. Dunstan and Mrs. Dunstan, Mr. R. Y. Ellis, Mr. William Goulding, Mr. E. Wyly Grier, Mr. John J. Gibbons and Miss Quigley, Mr. and Mrs. R. Dawson Darling, Mr. S. R. Hart and Miss Hart, Mr. Edward E. Horton, Mr. O. A. Howland, C.M.G., Mr. David Henderson, Mr. George T. Irving, Mr. T. C. Irving and Miss Irving, Mr. Beaumont Jarvis, Mrs. Jarvis, Miss Jarvis and Mr. Hamilton, Dr. George Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. W. T. Kernahan and Mrs. Kernahan, Mr. R. Fred Lord and Miss Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mr. A. J. Mason, Mr. T. G. Mason, Captain and Mrs. W. A. Medland, Miss Medland, Professor Maggs, Mr. R. Millicamp, Mr. Frank G. Morley and Mrs. Morley, Mr. and Mrs. M. McLaughlin, Mr. W. A. Fraser of Georgetown and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. George Ridout and Miss Ridout, Mr. C. A. Ross and Miss Ross, Miss Sheppard, Mr. William Stone and Mrs. Stone, Mr. W. B. Tindall, Mr. Arthur

White and Mrs. White, Mr. Champion and Miss Champion, Miss Florie Patterson, Mrs. Will Rose, and many of them, and a good orchestra played in the gallery and buffet with lots of good things was arranged in the entrance hall, prettily done with many flowers.

### The Tragedy of one Successful Man.

**T**HERE was once upon a time a Man who was very ambitious and in his business sphere was called mercenary and heartless. In politics men feared him and said he was unscrupulous, but he was strong, self-confident, self-contained, and did not care for what men thought. And though he became cold, hard and relentless, most men accepted him as merely using only the ordinary methods, and all envied him his success. This was the Down-Town Man. Up-town he was another being. Never was the one part allowed to obtrude itself upon the other and in the home and socially he was looked upon as being all that was gentle, courteous, kindly and loving, and for all they knew, was but what he showed himself to them as being. Now this Man had a Wife, but she was of the Up-Town only, and he did everything, whether he felt it or not, to make her happy. For the Down-Town Man had no friends, no wife, no heart. He was alone. And that part of him that was loving and good was kept alive by this Woman, and for many years they lived thus happily.

But Love is greedy, and the Woman wanted the Man always and at all times. So she came down-town often to be near him. He begged her many times not to, but gently, so as not to hurt her feelings. Nevertheless, in spite of his hints and entreaties, she came. Here commenced much sorrow, for when she would come in upon him, it did not suit this ambitious Man to be interfered with, and he had to simulate the cordial manner of his Up-Town life, that was natural there, but out of its place here. A great sadness began to fill his heart because he knew the penetrating eyes of Love saw through the thin veneer, and though he had been willing to act a noble part for her happiness rather than let her know what he really was, now that she pried too far she was to find that she was wrong not to be contented. The Wife began to think that he was always a sham, and they had many misunderstandings, and the Wife suffered many times more than the Man, who had tried to keep it from her for her greater happiness. At last in despair the Man cried out that it was all no use, for he had lost the love of his Wife, not because of anything he had done, but because Love can never let well enough alone. It is only after age and indifference have come that a woman can afford to know all. For was not the affection of the Up-Town life as true, as loyal and as good as that of those who pass their lives doing naught but loving? If she had been satisfied, happiness were still hers. What had she to offer in the place of the laurel that was almost within his hand?

If people would only accept results and leave the methods and the life while getting them alone. Here was an ambitious man who sacrificed all sooner than change and be defeated in the race for success that he had chosen. A heart is a luxury only those willing to give up the world can keep, but happiness is their reward. J. P. BEAUMONT.

### Why She Sat up.

**T**HE reception was over, and he was just putting her in the carriage when a thought struck him. "If you don't mind, Dolly," said he, "I'll just run over to the club with Billy and get some cigarettes." Now, Dolly made a point of binding her husband by "chains of roses," so said, "Of course, darling." Then a little pucker came. "Only, don't be long, because—" He interrupted, cheerily, "Oh! you drive ahead; I'll be there as soon as you." The pucker deepened prettily as she urged, "Don't keep me waiting at home, because you know I—"

Dolly's husband crept up the hall. He hoped he had not made a noise. Dear little Chickie-bird! For the first time since their marriage he had forgotten her. Well, she'll be asleep, he'd crept into his room, and she would not be able to tell at what hour he had returned. He turned the key softly, slid in, and backed round to give the closing of the door his whole consideration, these heavy doors click! There was a swish. He turned quickly, and there was Dolly, radiant in the rose thing she had worn at the reception, her cheeks bright pink, and her eyes snapping.

"Good gracious, Chickie! Why didn't you go to bed?" he asked, in a panic, for they were sensible modern folk and had promised never to wait up for each other. She flashed like an ordinary woman.

"Go to bed," he could not.

He began with, "If I had had an idea—" But he had no chance to finish.

"How did you suppose I could go to bed with you not here? You should be ashamed to keep me like this, hour after hour, waiting!"

This was just the sort of talk he had read about, and it made him mad, though he realized he had better be calm.

"Why should you care because I happen to stop at the club an hour or so, instead of coming right home? What silly nonsense! I thought you were a more sensible girl."

How still she grew! Her voice went low and quivered.

"Do not flatter yourself that I care in the least where you have been, or how long it takes you at any time to reach home. Your movements are of no interest to me."

Then he gave her this for a parting shot.

"Well, you seem to have interested yourself enough this time to stay up and welcome me—"

"Stop!" she cried. And he stopped, quick. "You know perfectly what my interest in your return was to-night. Not so? Albert Edward! If you have forgotten I must humiliate myself to recall to you my reason for waiting."

"You might at least have undressed," he sneered.

Then she burst into tears, and, seizing the collars of his coat, shook him.

"I couldn't," she sobbed. "That's it. I couldn't! You know Felice is out, and I can't undo my dress alone!"

### One of our Judges.

**A** WELL-KNOWN judge, who is as famous for his wit as for his corpulency, was much disturbed in mind by his tendency to ever-increasing stoutness. He tried many remedies, but without any success. At length a friend suggested that he should take a course of treatment at certain hot springs. He immediately set out for the place, sojourned there for a few weeks, managed to get rid of a good deal of his superfluous flesh, and returned home in a most happy and jovial frame of mind.

On the first morning after his return, when he was wending his way to the court house, he came to the butcher's shop where his family were supplied with meat. Marching inside, he said:

"Cut me off twenty pounds of pork."

The butcher sharpened his knife and at once complied. The judge looked at the meat for a minute or two and then walked off.

"Shall I send the pork to your house, my lord?" inquired the butcher, who felt that the judge had overlooked instructions.

"Oh, no," was the reply, given with a smile; "I don't want it. I have fallen off just twenty pounds, and I only wanted to have an idea of how much it was!"

### Those Intelligent Flies.

**D**URING a hot summer campaign in Illinois Congressman Cannon sought temporary rest in a hammock stretched under the trees in the yard of a country hotel. From his window the shade looked inviting, but on the spot he found the lawn strewn with tomato cans, potato peelings and other debris. On many of these more or less unsanitary mounds were myriads of flies.

"I had no sooner stretched myself in the hammock," said Mr. Cannon, "than these flies attacked me, seemingly by the million. It was intolerable, and in no pleasant frame of mind I looked up the proprietor."

"What do you mean?" I demanded, "by stretching your hammock in that fly-haunted field of torture you call a lawn?"

"I know the flies are bad out there now," he answered, "but, Mr. Cannon, you ought to use the hammock during hammock hours, and you'd have no trouble from the flies."

"What are hammock hours?" I inquired.

"From twelve noon to two p.m. daily," he replied. "During those hours flies will not attack you in the hammock."

"I was much interested in the man's Socratic skill in evading the issue, and wishing to draw him out I asked, 'Why are these no flies around the hammock between twelve and two?'"

"Oh," he rejoined, "at that time they're all in the dining-room."

"I GAINED 25 POUNDS"

## Tardy Development of Girls

is marked by pallor of face, slimmness of body, aching head, stomach pains, nervousness, irritability and despondency.

The regular use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will help all such to

## VIGOROUS WOMANHOOD

roundness of form, erect, graceful carriage, elastic step and healthful glowing complexion.

Where is there a woman who does not desire the qualities of vigorous womanhood? She may not be handsome in face or feature, but when filled with the vigor and vitality of health she possesses a charm and attractiveness which make her beautiful.

Most women who are thin, scrawny and angular in form, weak, nervous and irritable, subject to attacks of sick, nervous headache, backache, dizziness and fainting spells, women who suffer greatly at certain times and experience weakness and irregularity of the feminine organism usually trace their trouble to the time when they were merging into womanhood. This is the most trying time in woman's life and careful use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food at this period may save many years of suffering.

Woman's system demands an enormous amount of rich, red blood both to make up for the loss at regular periods and to keep up the nerve force—the controlling power of the body. Nineteenths of the ailments of girls and women are due to lack in quantity or quality of blood and weakness of the nervous system and as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food actually forms new, red corpuscles in the blood and creates, new nerve force it is successful above all treatments in curing the ills and weaknesses peculiar to women.

## GAINED 25 POUNDS

MISS ANNIE EVANS, 32 Göttingen St., Halifax, N.S., writes:—"About ten years ago I became very much run down in health and in spite of various treatments I could not get rid of my ailments. I could not sleep, was very nervous and so weak that I could scarcely drag myself about. Some months ago I began the use of Dr. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD and persevered in the treatment, until to-day I am pleased to say that I am completely restored to health."

"I have gained over twenty-five pounds in weight, sleep well, feel strong and well and fully believe that I owe my present good health to the use of this medicine."

## Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

By weighing yourself while using this great food cure you can prove positively that new, firm flesh and tissue is being added to your body. No treatment was ever put to a more severe test, but experience has proven that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be relied upon absolutely to restore and build up the system, round out the form and instill new energy and vitality in every organ of the body. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50. At all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

**We will forfeit \$500.00 if this testimonial is not genuine.**



## Social and Personal.

**M**RS. ROWAND has sent out invitations to the marriage of her daughter, Miss Flora Jessie Rowand, and Mr. David Watson Alexander, which will take place on Wednesday, April 15, at half-past two o'clock, in St. Andrew's Church, with a reception afterwards at her residence, 30 St. Patrick street.

Mr. John Woodburn Langmuir has sent out invitations to the marriage of his daughter, Miss Violet Langmuir, and Mr. Gwyn Llewellyn Francis, which will take place in St. Andrew's Church on Tuesday, April 14, at half-past two o'clock, with a reception afterwards at his residence, 118 Tyndall avenue.

A concert is on the tapis in aid of Trinity College School Chapel Building Fund, the programme being in the hands of Mrs. Henry C. Osborne, who always arranges an interesting one, and lends her own valuable aid to its success with a cheerful willingness not always found in such a clever and capable artist. The date is not yet quite settled—probably one very soon after the Musical Festival will be chosen—and Mrs. Nordheimer has graciously promised the beautiful drawing-rooms of Glenelgh as the place for the entertainment. Mrs. E. B. Osler of Craigleigh, Mrs. Warren and other prominent women are interesting themselves in the success of this concert. They belong to the Trinity College School Ladies' Guild in Toronto, and have been valued helpers in aid of the Port Hope Seminary. No doubt the concert will be a great success, as the restoration of the burned chapel at Trinity Church School will appeal as an object to a great many persons. The new chapel is to be completed soon.

Among the good things arranged for by the Ladies' Guild in this connection is a series of lectures on Dante by Professor William Clark of Trinity, which will open the season after the summer vacations.

His Honor Judge Holt, Mrs. and Miss Holt of Goderich have been spending a short visit in town.

A little group of warm friends and well-wishers bade farewell to sweet Miss Sheila Macdougall of Carlton Lodge on one afternoon this week at the Union Station, whence she left for New York to stay for a time with friends and later on take up some occupation in Gotham. All regret losing so lovable and interesting a member of society, and the best of good wishes accompany her from attached friends here.

On next Monday evening there should be a great gathering of the clans (musical) in Massey Hall to hear Madame Roger-Mielos, the famous French pianist, whose distinguished appearance has beforehand worked a charm which will be accentuated by her magnificent playing. Madame Roger-Mielos is a Toulouseienne by birth and cosmopolitan by temperament, appealing, if one may credit her critics, to the serious, the fanciful, the passionate and the sentimental alike. She is particularly remarked as having introduced in perfect interpretation many modern compositions.

Mr. Justice Lount and Mrs. Lount have returned from Bermuda, where the health of Mr. Justice Lount had necessitated a sojourn of some duration.

The usual brilliant little dinners were on for Tuesday evening at McConkey's, when several smart hosts entertained in the Nile and Rose rooms. Mrs. Cotton had a pleasant party. Mr. Alfred Johnston had some friends. Mr. Albert Nordheimer had a small party of men friends. The Turkish Room is a cosy place for the after-dinner cigar, and, as a stranger said with conviction, "It's all a great idea!"

There are women who are always like the Athenians of old—running after new fads, and tiring and worrying themselves and their friends with half-baked schemes and impracticable ideas. There are others who, with the same broad, active, alert minds, combine forethought and executive ability. Of the latter class is Mrs. Henry C. Osborne, who is now much interested in the promotion of a women's swimming club, and has been ardently supported by a lot of bright women in thinking out a plan whereby a suitable place might be built for a large swimming bath, wherein the necessary natatorial art might be studied under a competent teacher. While in England Mrs. Osborne and her sister won with their water-polo team, and still hold the championship, and the game of water-polo is one which should be known and enjoyed here as well. I believe that a site for baths and the necessary arena for water-polo (which is a game with a ball, thrown by the swimmers) has been secured near the Confederation Life Building, an ideally central locality, and that the baths and polo tank will be "fait accompli" as soon as one hundred subscribers (or ticket buyers) of ten dollars each are secured. This fee is for one year's membership, for instruction, etc., and already seventy ladies have signified their desire to subscribe. Can one fancy a more delicious way of spending one of the roasting days of midsummer than in diving and swimming for the elusive "rubber," or in watching beautiful mermaids so disappearing themselves? Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Cluny avenue, Rosedale, will receive names and subscriptions for this new enterprise.

News of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. McKinnon comes from Coronado Beach, and reports a most enjoyable tour, with a sudden rage for golf on the part of Mr. McKinnon, who is on the links the livelong day, with great results of health and vigor renewed. I understand that Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon have gone on to San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Denver, Colorado Springs, and so toward home. Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jaffray and Mrs. Robertson have also been at Los Angeles and Coronado Beach recently.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones was called out of town last week by the illness of her mother, Mrs. Irwin, and remained longer than intended, as Mrs. Irwin was threatened with pneumonia. At last accounts she was better.

Miss Katie Cross of Toronto, Mrs. Evard Coates of Simla (Sara Jeannette

Duncan, formerly of Brantford), Miss Isabel Mackenzie, Toronto; Miss Marion Perkins, Toronto, are some of the names published in the "Canadian Gazette" as registered recently at the Canadian Commissioner's office, London.

Mrs. Lockhart came down from Winnipeg and is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Frank Hodgins, of Cloynewood, Rosedale.

Mrs. J. Ephraim Elliott (nee Orr) and her little son have returned from a sojourn in the South.

Miss Benson of Windsor and Miss Morgan of Cobourg are visiting Mrs. Worts in College street.

A palatial club house is in course of furnishing for the Caledon Fishing Club at the Forks of the Credit, where the moneyed disciples of Isaac Walton intend pursuing their favorite sport "on prince" this summer. The club have engaged Mrs. Johnstone (nee Lee of Toronto) as manageress of their household, and she left for the Credit on Wednesday. All her friends greatly admired the pluck and ability Mrs. Johnstone has evinced during the past few years, when, putting her consummate skill in managing a home into practical commission, she opened large summer and winter pensions here and elsewhere. The Caledon Club could not have secured a more dignified, trustworthy and capable house-manager than the young widow who has accepted this responsible but delightful position. Miss Daisy Ince is, I believe, to assist Mrs. Johnstone in her new duties. The location of the club house is ideal, and the wealthy owners are sparing no pains in suitable furnishings for an artistic and enjoyable summer home. Except in case of a house party at some festive season, the club house will be closed from November to May. It opens, I am informed, on the first of next month.

The Rosedale Golf Club has engulfed the Spadina Golf Club, and the links and house of the latter will be, I hear, given up.

The new links at Lambton Mills are the glory of the golf members. To the man who "saw 'em first" various names are given, but a certain canny, silent one is generally voted the boss "spear-out" and modestly remains silent.

The marriage of Mr. Joseph A. Thompson of Derwent Lodge, second son of the late Sir John Thompson and Lady Thompson, and Miss Maud Temple, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Temple, will take place on Tuesday, April 14. The marriage will be followed by a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Temple, 278 Huron street.

Mrs. Clark of "Curling Hall" Largs, Scotland, is visiting relatives in St. George street.

Mrs. J. B. Hallworth of Tranby avenue gave a progressive last night for Miss Myrtle Johnson.

On Friday, April 17, the Hamilton Riding Club will give a dance at Hotel Royal, Hamilton.

Miss Evelyn Cox entertained the Seven Hand Euchre Club on Tuesday afternoon at her home in Wellesley place.

The marriage of Miss Beatrice Ball and Mr. Walton Stanley Smith will take place in the chapel of St. John the Divine on Tuesday morning, April 14, at half-past eight o'clock.

Hon. Justice MacMahon was sufficiently recovered from his late indisposition to resume his duties on circuit this week.

Mrs. and Miss Tudor Montizambert are visiting Mrs. Walker, Prince Arthur avenue. Mrs. Zeb Lash is visiting in Montreal.

Miss Sydney Tully had an interesting exhibition of pictures intended for the R.C.A. at Montreal at her studio in Wellington street on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Hanbury Budden is on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Small, 244 Bloor street west.

The victory of the "Pale Blues" in the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race this week gave pleasure to several recent visi-

tors to the latter seat of learning. As an Argonaut remarked, fondling his club ribbon, "You see, whichever side wins the Argos are in it."

St. Hilda's Literary Society held their last meeting for the season on Tuesday. After an entertaining sketch acted by the graduates of the first year, music and readings and a paper on St. Hilda by Mrs. Rigby, a dainty afternoon tea and pleasant chat closed the enjoyable reunion.

Mrs. J. W. Gregg of Detroit (nee Owen) is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Owen, of Tranby avenue.

Mrs. Robert F. Scott will receive for the first time since her marriage at No. 5 Rosedale road, on Monday and Tuesday, April 6 and 7, and also on the 20th and 27th of the month.

The engagement is announced of Miss Grace Hogaboom, daughter of the late Mr. G. R. Hogaboom, and Mr. J. Gildart Jackson, son of the Rev. Canon Jackson, Guildford, Eng.

Mrs. Edwin P. Pearson, No. 546 Sherbourne street, will not receive after Monday during this month, as she is visiting Atlantic City, with Miss Pearson.

Dr. Midford Gillies of Teeswater, Dr. Digby Gillies of Montreal and Mr. Ernest Gillies of McGill College, Montreal, spent Monday with their uncle, Mr. W. Midford, Wellesley street. Dr. Midford Gillies leaves for England on Saturday next.

Mrs. R. Slater Raby (nee Dale of Ottawa), a bride of last month, will receive on next Monday afternoon at 306 Jarvis street, "Pendennis House."

Mr. William Armstrong's pictures at Roberts' Art Gallery are being viewed by a good many friends of the artist. There are a quartette of sunsets from his home on Toronto Island which are very good, and many historically valuable pictures of the Red River Expedition—one of Lord Wolseley's camp, with Lady Wolseley's solitary "laying hen" in the foreground, delighted some old expeditioners. There are pictures of Indians, warlike and peaceful; glimpses of scenery on the upper lakes, some English bits, a curious midwinter picture of Niagara at the head of the Chute, and many other nice little things. The sale is today, Saturday, and should attract a number of buyers. Some of the pictures would be a nice possession for historical or educational societies.

Easter gifts are in some places as much a matter of course as Christmas presents, and I saw to-day some lovely things in Ryrie's, intended for Easter offerings to the fair ones. Little and big white satin Easter eggs, containing marvels of exquisite "bijouterie," are some of the cute things. The shop was brightly decorated in white and purple, and tables of all the loveliest things—dull silver, fine painted plates of great value. Lots of new jewelry, specially made for Easter gifts, amongst such the "Crown" brooches, and a dainty little case of three gold wire safety clasps, each set with a solitaire amethyst, and a couple of amethyst stick-pins (such a charming present for a young girl!) were prominent. The Easter gifts prepared by the artists at our big shop of precious things would tempt any generous and well-lined pocket.

Miss Helen Watkins gives a piano recital at Nordheimer's at half-past three o'clock to-day. Miss Olive Sheppard (violinist) will assist Miss Watkins.

The Elite Pedro Club held their annual At Home last night at 102 Wilton avenue at half-past eight o'clock.

Mrs. Coburn of Walkerville is visiting her mother, Mrs. Lash, in Breadalbane street. Mrs. Coburn looks very well, and her Toronto friends greet her with great pleasure.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Currie of 645 Bathurst street will leave next Saturday for New York and Washington, where they will spend the Easter season. Mrs. Currie will receive, as usual, on the fourth Wednesday, on her return.

The thirteenth annual At Home of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, exclusively for young people, took place on Friday

## An Easter Greeting

## A Rowley Portrait



## ROWLEY

At this season of the year a slight remembrance intensifies the happiness of living. What would be more appreciated by a friend than a photograph—one bearing the name of Rowley, which stands for everything good in photography. Placed in the handsome "Deckel" cover provided for it, it makes an Easter gift appreciated to the highest degree. At this studio the very latest accessories—and only the very latest—are used. Readers of "Saturday Night" are invited at any time to visit the Art Gallery and view the collection of original Canadian Landscapes which are always on exhibition. The Studio will be open on Good Friday.



Studio-Reception Room.

**435 Spadina Avenue**  
Just South of College. : : : PHONE—MAIN 3738.



What seems to me the highest office of Osteopathy in its relation to children is the correcting of lesions resulting from falls, accidents, &c., during play. One has only to watch a lot of boys play some of their rough-and-tumble games to wonder that every bone in their backs is not wrenched out of place. The fact that the correction of these minor lesions in the spine so frequently restores the patient to health is a strong argument in favor of having the child examined at least twice a year by a competent osteopath to see that the bony structure is properly adjusted. Even the simplest machine requires occasional overhauling. The body, therefore, the most delicately constructed mechanism in existence, should surely receive most careful consideration.

## ROBERT B. HENDERSON, D.O.

### OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN

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Robt. B. Henderson, D.O., Formerly Member of the Faculty of the Northern School of Osteopathy, Minneapolis, Minn., Consulting Physician.

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evening last, March 27. Those events are anxiously looked forward to by the students and much appreciated by their guests. Mrs. MacIntyre, assisted by the faculty, received at the entrance of the large drawing-room and welcomed over three hundred guests and friends of the pupils from neighboring towns, also representative students from the universities and colleges. Mrs. MacIntyre wore light gray voile, with lace and steel applique, and carried a bouquet of Meteor roses. Miss Paterson wore black silk, with Brussels lace. Miss Harrison wore golden brown silk, with pink and cream lace. Miss Macdougall wore a handsome Nile green gown, with cream applique. Miss Phelps wore a grass linen costume over rose silk. Miss Houston wore cream crepe de chine and black velvet. Miss Wigg wore white, with pink roses. The young ladies were gowned principally in white or light shades, which blended with the tints of the floral decorations, in abundance throughout the building. The following excellent musical and literary programme was given by the pupils of the college: "Serenade," Schubert, Miss Agnes Conely; "Saltarella Caprice," Lack, Miss Edith Burnett; "Angel Land," Pinault, Miss Kenia Morrison; "Gondoliers," Moszkowski, Miss Evelyn Robertson; "Ah! 'Tis a Dream," Lassen, and "Marguerite," Gounod, Miss Bessie Pearson; "Nocturne," Meyer-Helmond, Miss Clara Perry; "Rosamonde," Chaminade, Miss Helen Davies; vocal se-

lection, Miss Annie Hallworth; "Illusion" and "Valse Aragonaise," Thome, Miss Amy Elder; "Sunshine and Rain," Blumenthal, Miss Elizabeth Wood; "Nachtstuecke," Schumann, and "Air de Ballet," Chaminade, Miss Lillian Shannon; "My Home Is Where the Heather Blooms," De Koven, Miss Lillian Hardy, and "O Fair, O Sweet and Holy," Cantor, Miss Florence Deacon. The lecture-rooms were handsomely decorated with flags and bunting festooned in red, white and blue, and there promenading and dancing were participated in to the music of an excellent orchestra. Refreshments on artistically arranged tables were served in the large dining-hall during the latter part of the evening. The playing of the National Anthem brought another enjoyable evening to a close.

Mrs. Will Nelson Campbell (nee Chapman of St. Catharines) will receive, with her mother, for the first time since taking up housekeeping, at 13 Sultan street, on Monday, April 6, and afterwards on the first Monday in the month.

"I've got a story," said the new reporter, "about a thief who pretended to be a lodger in a hotel and so gained access to the other guests' rooms, where he gathered in all the loose money he could, and—" "Head it, 'False Roomer Gains Currency,'" suggested the snake editor.—Philadelphia "Press."

## A Prudent Action.

Before the decorator is called in to beautify the home and renew the wall papers left so dirty by the soft coal smoke, due thought should be given to the question of having the electric light installed.

The splendid service furnished by the local Electric Light Company fully justifies the installation of "electric only" fixtures. With electric lights installed the new decorations will retain their beauty much longer.

"What's the difference between the Tramps' Protective Association and a golf field?" "Well," "Why, one links the tramps, and the other tramps the links."—Princeton "Tiger."

Doctor—Why, how is this, my dear sir? You sent me a note stating you had been attacked with mumps, and I find you suffering from rheumatism. Patient—That's all right, doctor. There wasn't a soul in the house that knew how to spell rheumatism.—"Tit-Bits."

Husband—Darling, I believe that I am failing. Wife (in alarm)—Gracious! How often I have warned you, George, against your foolish speculations. Husband—I don't mean in business, dear; I mean I'm failing in health. Wife (relieved)—Oh, is that all?—Ex.



THE CHARACTER OF DAVID HARUM

in the play of that name from Westcott's book, to be produced for the first time in Toronto at the Princess Theater next week.





## Stylish and Select Washable Dress Fabrics

This season's is the most comprehensive yet select display of all New Wash Fabrics ever made in Toronto.

Cheviot-Zephyr  
Matt Suitings and Vestings  
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## FRENCH ORGANDIES

Silk and Linen Alternates

## JOHN CATTO & SON

King Street—opposite the Post-Office.  
TORONTO, CANADA.

## Behind in Their Studies

Because your children are behind in their studies does not of necessity imply that they are stupid. In a large percentage of such cases this seeming stupidity is due to eye-strain, and a pair of properly fitted glasses would give them an equal chance with their more fortunate school-mates.

Let us set your minds at rest.

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## Easter Gifts

There is nothing so appropriate as a dainty

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447 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

## Social and Personal.

Mrs. Herbert A. Mathews left last Saturday for New York to spend Easter with her sister, Mrs. Macleod.

Mrs. W. T. McIntyre, 8 Earl street, will not receive again until the autumn, when she will be in her new home, 46 Glen road, Rosedale.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian Aris Armstrong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Armstrong, Theodore street, Ottawa, to Mr. Oscar Carey L. Arlitz, B.A., LL.B., of New York City.

Mrs. Patrick Hughes left Toronto during the early part of the week to visit her son, Mr. Frank S. Hughes, now living in Hammond, Ind. Mrs. Hughes is accompanied by her two daughters, the Misses Ethelfrida and Lois.

A little son was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cooper of Glen road last week, but the little life went out on Monday morning very suddenly. Condolences are sent from many friends to the parents, who are much esteemed, as they so well merit.

Mr. T. F. Worts, Mr. E. Strachan Cox, Mrs. Herbert T. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Gzowski, Miss M. C. Campbell, Mrs. Wallace Jones, Judge and Mrs. Lount, Mr. and Mrs. F. Sparling, Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Miss Evelyn Kerr, Mrs. J. D. King, Mrs. J. F. Ellis of Toronto, Mr. Robert E. Doolittle of Painesville, O., Mr. N. Dymont of Barrie, Mrs. D. Goldie of Avon, Mr. Augustus Post of New York, Mr. A. J. Hoffman, Miss A. J. White of Niagara Falls, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Davis and daughter of Hamilton, Miss Winnifred Bullis, Mr. Hardie Weber, Mr. F. E. Hickernell, Mr. and Mrs. H. Mackey, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Matheson, Mr. F. Barrett, Dr. Charles F. Munroe of Buffalo are recently registered guests at the Welland, St. Catharines, "The Carlsbad of America."

The death of Mrs. Kirkland, mother of the manager of the Bank of Montreal, at her son's residence, 160 St. George street, on Tuesday, was the end of a very long and active life. Mrs. Kirkland (nee Morrison) having been one of the old-time residents in Toronto and a sister of one of its best-known Mayors, Mr. Angus Morrison. Mrs. Kirkland has been an invalid for some time, and had a serious fall and fracture a few days since, from the effects of which her death ensued. Those friends who have been privileged to enjoy cosy tete-a-tete chats over her reminiscences or over up-to-date topics by her sofa will miss her very much.

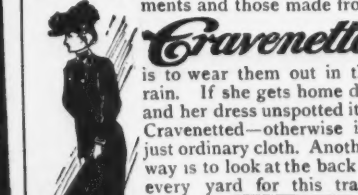
The Misses Mackenzie of Benvenuto and Mrs. Arthur Grantham have been enjoying a trip together. The younger people returned to Toronto a few days since. Mr. Joe Mackenzie is confined to his bed by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Flavell of Queen's Park are going abroad on the fifteenth of this month. Someone was wondering what distinctive name the Flavells had decided on for their handsome new residence, and I understand it has not yet been thus "completed." On one side at least its master is truly Irish, and from nowhere in the world are sweeter and more suggestive names of homes derived than from the Green Isle.

A charming concert which delighted everyone was that given by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp and Miss Ada Crossley on Monday. A smart audience was present and the regal contralto scored a complete triumph. She was beautiful and stately in white and silver, with violets, and her noble voice in every style of chanson and selection was a rare treat to music lovers. One of the queens of song in talents and in person is Ada Crossley. Mr. Tripp's beautiful playing alternated with her singing in a constant feast of good things. Most of the regular patrons of high-class concerts were present, and many kept away by sickness or bereavement were regretful of missing so charming a musical event.

The Musical Festival, into making a success of which Dr. C. A. E. Harriss has thrown all his energy and enthusiasm, will be the occasion of a short visit of the vice-regal party to Toronto in mid-April. They are talking of the programmes in musical circles all over the Dominion, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the great English conductor, has already arrived out. It is time now for the general public to arouse from spring laziness and take hold of their end of the project, which will be such a credit to

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Toronto, and so sure a benefit artistically as a success.

Mr. Harry de Windt, whose thrilling story of an overland trip from Paris to New York showed how there is a difficult as well as an easy transit from the gayest to the most self-satisfied city in the world, is a son-in-law of Dr. William Clark, professor of literature at Trinity College. During his stay in Toronto Mr. de Windt was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty at the Oaks.

Miss May Noyes of Hamilton has spent the week as the guest of Miss Allayne Jones of Elmley Place.

Miss Birdie Warren is visiting friends in Ely, and those of us who know the jewel of the fen country, Ely Cathedral, and its quaint city will envy the fair Torontonian her sojourn.

The engagement of Miss Fanny Preston Robinson of Toronto and Mr. L. A. Safford of Detroit is announced. The marriage takes place shortly.

Miss Amy Douglas has returned from a delightful visit in Ottawa of some duration. She was the guest of Mrs. Burbridge and was entertained everywhere.

The birth of a little daughter to Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon in Ottawa has delighted the family and their friends. King Desmond will have no rival in his wee sister, who, if she resembles him, will be a very lovely little dame indeed.

Hon. Justice MacMahon has been quite ill, but is now better. Friends who looked forward to seeing the Justice and Mrs. MacMahon at two or three pleasant functions lately were concerned to hear of the cause of their absence.

Miss Jessie Waldie has gone to the Continent. Dr. and Mrs. Hoskin of the Dale have returned from Florida. Mrs. George Hees is in Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Gosling of Wellington place have taken Miss Kate Alma's house in Niagara-on-the-Lake, and will reside there this summer.

Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander returned from Ottawa the end of last week and received on Thursday at Bon Accord, when many friends called to welcome her back after her enjoyable first visit to Ottawa.

Mr. Kennard of 74 St. George street, a new-comer in Toronto, one of a prominent business concern, is spoken of as a great acquisition. Mr. Kennard has Mr. Arthur B. Kirkpatrick associated with him in business, and this attractive pair should be invincible in the business as well as the social world.

A certain young man about town is realizing the wisdom of "Maman's" advice, as sung so gaily by Ada Crossley, "Il faut fuir les amours." Having long been devoted heart (and pocket) to a pretty woman, he was lately unusually unfortunate in finding her "not at home" with such regularity that it did not need a special announcement to inform him that he was of last year's vintage. He is now cynical and blasé of all such foolishness in a manner which causes his young friends wild mirth.

There are some good things at Shea's this week, the palm, and the manipulation of the sleeping girl by Madame Hermann being quite interesting. Eldridge and his talk and Limericks are tiresome. The "Limerick" affords such a splendid scope for social "gags" that it is a sinful waste of opportunity to employ the footsore verses we have heard in comic opera for years as a special feature. Mr. Shea should subsidize a local poet to write half a dozen warm Limericks which would convulse the house instead of setting it yawning over ancient rhymes such as Eldridge spouts.

Miss Beatrice Myles gave an informal tea for her guest, Miss Attrill, of Goderich, on Saturday.

On Thursday, at four o'clock, the meeting of the Toronto Hunt and Golf Club took place at 108 Bay street.

The Practice Club. Mrs. Harley Roberts' interesting little coterie of musically friends, which has delighted its friends on several occasions, gave a charming impromptu concert for the inmates of the Home for Incurables on Friday evening of last week. Rev. F. Plummer conducted the orchestra of ten society amateurs, and Miss Elsie Keefe sang. Miss Mockridge played and Miss Winnie Andros gave some sweet violin music. Mr. Frank Strathely shared with Mrs. Roberts the work of getting up this gratefully received treat.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Denison have returned from Washington. Mrs. Charles Sheard is in New York. Mrs. Fitzroy Cottle is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Wati in Huron street, en route from Orillia to her new home in Madoc, where Mr. Cottle has been appointed manager of the Dominion Bank. Dr. and Mrs. G. R. Parkin sailed for England with their family last Saturday.

Mrs. Harry Wyatt is settling her Lares and Penates in a pretty home in Crescent road, where Captain Wyatt has purchased the home of Mr. Fred Worts. Mr. Worts and his brother-in-law, Mr. E. Strachan Cox, are at the Welland for a short visit.

"It must be a great satisfaction to have such a palatial apartment," said the old-time friend. "It is," answered Mr. Cumrox; "it's a heap of comfort to have a house big enough to wander away and get lost in when mother and the gals are giving a musicale or a reception."—Washington "Star."

## An Experienced Invalid.

Sometimes a doctor has to deal not only with physical ailments, but with a mental attitude which complicates the case. A man who was constantly changing physicians at last called in a young doctor who was just beginning his practice.

"I lose my breath when I climb a hill or a steep flight of stairs," said the patient. "If I hurry I often get a sharp pain in my side. Those are the symptoms of a serious heart trouble."

"Not necessarily, sir," began the physi-

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cian, but he was interrupted. "I beg your pardon!" said the patient, irritably. "It isn't for a young physician like you to disagree with an old and experienced invalid like me, sir!"

## In Praise of Prosperity.

They raised his salary two years ago last May. The said increase amounting to thirty cents a day. Since then they've raised the prices Of carrots and of beets. Of flour and of meat. Of corn and coal and fruits. Of babies' little boots. Of potatoes, milk, and cheese. Of the product of the bees. Of hats and socks and coats. Of all that sinks or floats. He's paying out the money that he saved before his raise. But prosperity's upon us, and his heart is full of praise. Chicago "Post."

## Money to Cooks.

\$7,500.00 Donated, to be Divided Among Family Cooks. The sum of \$7,500.00 will be distributed between now and midsummer among family cooks, in 735 prizes, ranging from \$200.00 to \$5.00.

This is done to stimulate better cooking in the family kitchen. The contest is open to paid cooks (drop the name "hired girl," call them cooks if they deserve it) or to the mistress of the household if she does the cooking. The rules for contest are plain and simple. Each of the 735 winners of money prizes will also receive an engraved certificate of merit or diploma as a cook. The diploma bear the big gilt seal and signature of the most famous food company in the world, the Postum Cereal Company (Limited) of Battle Creek, Mich., the well-known makers of Postum Coffee and Grape-Nuts. Write them and address Cookery Department No. 471 for full particulars.

This remarkable contest among cooks to win the money prizes and diplomas will give thousands of families better and more delicious meals, as well as cleaner kitchens and a general improvement in the culinary department, for the cooks must show marked skill and betterment in service to win. Great sums of money devoted to such enterprises always result in putting humanity further along on the road to civilization, health, comfort and happiness.

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There was a painful silence, but finally she looked over her glasses at him and said: "In the first place, sir, I deem your question exceedingly rude; and, in the second, you might have been more refined in your language by asking me if I had ever seen the Cherokee disrobe."

Husband (irritably)—It isn't a year since you said you believed our marriage was made in heaven, and yet you order me around as if I wasn't anybody. Wife (calmly)—Order is heaven's first law.—New York "Weekly."



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## THE UNUSUAL THING

BY RUTH MILNE

MRS. MARTIN sat at the inlaid desk in the library, alternately writing and staring absently at her oblivious husband. Obviously, she was writing a letter; obviously, also, the letter was difficult to write. It was, in fact, the sort of letter that a woman might expect to write in her own rooms behind closed doors; but Mrs. Martin was continually under the necessity of doing the unusual thing in order to live up to her conception of herself as an unusual woman. Gradually the periods of writing diminished in number and length, and finally lapsed entirely into meditation—patiently concerning some still more unusual thing to be done. Her thoughts were accompanied by little smiles denoting satisfaction and frowns denoting difficulty.

Mrs. Martin was young, good-looking and well-to-do. Mrs. Martin had been married over two years, and had yet to discover what it was to be thwarted in a serious wish; yet Mrs. Martin was not happy. She was, on the contrary, so distinctly unhappy as to be in the act of composing a letter to Mr. Martin explaining that life with him had become unendurable, and that she was about to leave him to go with one who satisfied the inner longings of a nature that he, Mr. Martin, had wholly failed to comprehend. That was the substance of the first sentence in her letter. So much had been easy to write, and it was strongly appealed to Mrs. Martin's sense of the unusual to write it after dinner, in the library, with Mr. Martin reading his newspaper before the fire. What she had failed to realize beforehand was the difficulty of completing the undertaking—a difficulty that grew more and more marked with every glance at her unsuspecting husband.

In order to make the writing of such a letter even moderately easy, a woman must be either greatly wronged or greatly in love with another man. When she began to write, Mrs. Martin was fully convinced that she possessed both these requisites. Clever, charming and thoroughly spoiled, from her motherless childhood through two years of a childless marriage, she had early learned to blame anyone, rather than herself, if life failed to meet her brightest expectations. Existence was monotonous—then her marriage was a failure. She was unhappy—her husband must be at fault. Mr. Martin was not fond of poetry—blinded by passion, she had blundered into marriage with a man whose tastes and interests were beneath hers.

The situation is not uncommon, given time and the absence of temptation, it might itself, but she was given neither the one nor the other. With the first weakening of her inward loyalty toward her husband, there appeared a man who so evidently possessed the graces which her husband lacked that she forgot to notice that he as evidently lacked the virtues which her husband possessed. They dined along the path of a sentimental friendship, meeting first at teas, which he frequented only to protest his detestation of them, and later, and more often, at her own house.

Mr. Martin, after meeting him once, always departed for the club at the sound of his voice in the hall—a procedure that Mrs. Martin outwardly deplored.

"I don't see why you won't ever wait and see Ted," she complained, one evening, as he was slipping on his coat, preparatory to departure. "He's so very congenial to me; in fact, our dispositions are almost identical."

Her husband nodded. "As a woman, Alice, you're a dream," he said. "As a man, you'd be a tame cat. I don't like cats myself, and he gently set down the fluffy Angora kitten that was climbing up his trouser-leg. Ted, coming later, petted the kitten and read Shelley, with interludes in which he and Mrs. Martin exclaimed over the remarkable similarity of their tastes.

If Ted Langham had been merely "a tame cat," the friendship would have run its course and vanished into nothingness. Unfortunately, he was possessed of a few masculine ideas, which, instigated by persistent and increasing gossip, suddenly rose up and declared him to be desperately, hopelessly in love with Mrs. Martin. The awful secret remained his two days, at the end of which time he confided it, with remorse and self-condemnation, to Mrs. Martin—who listened. When a married woman listens to another man's love-making, the result is easy to prophesy, provided the man be persistent. From self-reproaches Ted went to regrets, and from regrets to afflictions; and the step from discovering that two people are afflicted to proving that they ought, therefore, to disregard all the laws of God and man, is not such a stride when taken in the path of sentimentality. One of Ted's numerous wild-cat investments turned out well, they set the day for elopement, and it was on the eve of the day set that Mrs. Martin turned from her letter of farewell to meditation.

The meditation seemed at last to amount to something, for she rose, turned down the lights, settled herself comfortably on a sofa just out of range of the firelight, and said, rather tremulously: "O, Dick!"

"Yes!" said her husband, not looking up from his paper. "I got a letter from a girl to-day that I want to ask your advice about." Mrs. Martin's voice was not so entirely under control as is fitting for the voice of an unusual woman about to enter on an unusual course of action; but her husband apparently noticed nothing, laying down his paper with the regretful air of the man who has left the stock market unread.

"I'm afraid my advice won't do in women's mixes," he said, "but go ahead and we'll see."

There was a pause. Mrs. Martin hesitated, drew a long breath and made the plunge. "You see, she's married. You don't mind my not telling you her name?" she added, mentally applauding herself for the subterfuge.

"Rather you didn't," answered her husband. "What about her? She's unhappy, I suppose, or she wouldn't have written you about things."

"Very unhappy," said Mrs. Martin, feebly. "Very, very unhappy," she added,

"After that there's the divorce court, and he has to help ruin the reputation of the woman he loves, so that she may patch things up a little by marrying the brute that tempted her."

"And when it's all over, he'll look up the house that held his bit of heaven, and he'll live mostly at the club, and wonder, day after day, if the other man makes her happy, and hope he does, and wish, night after night, that he could first kill the other man and then himself. And the worst of it all, for him, is that if he'd never married her she might always have been good. That's his side of it, Alice."

Mrs. Martin lay on the sofa, with her face buried in the pillows. There was a long silence, broken at last by her husband's crossing the room to stand beside her.

"Don't you think, dear," he said, gently, "that perhaps she made a mistake in thinking it's a mistake? A man's not so good as a woman thinks him at first, but she's usually better than she thinks when she's worried. Very likely he loves her as—as I do you," he choked a little, "and, dear, though I don't say much about it, perhaps life without you would be a thousand times worse than what I've said. For I do love you, Alice."

Mrs. Martin hesitated, struggled one last moment for the unusual thing, and achieved it.

"The letter I've begun is on the desk, Dick," she said. "Will you put it in the fire, please?"

Dick groped his way through the dusk to where the half-finished letter lay, picked it up and committed it to the flames, face downward. As he stood flicking the burnt paper to pieces with the poker, his wife propped herself on one elbow and regarded him critically.

"You always were a dear, Dick," she said, "but I never knew you could talk so well."

"Oh," said he, without turning, "it's all in your Browning, somewhere, I believe. Only this ends better."—From the San Francisco "Star."

### Caution.

(A Legend.) (How many a doctor or architect must own that his professional life consisted of two periods—one in which he was too young to be trusted, the other in which he was too old to be efficient.—Times' leading article.)

Oh, read my melancholy rhyme, Peruse my mournful ditty. Two men there dwell upon a time Within a certain city. Both were distinctly men of parts, Well versed in their respective arts.

To tell diseases of the kind That everyone who can shuns. One of the pair had turned his mind, The other's forte was mansions. They were, as you'd no doubt expect, A doctor and an architect.

The latter, when but twenty-nine, Planned a Titanic building. A house of wonderful design. Grew gradually greyer. Said he: "My fortune's made, I wis; Men can't resist a thing like this."

With eager hope his heart beat high. He took his plans up boldly. And thrust them in the public eye: "Pray take that rubbish right away. You're far too young for us," said they.

The doctor next, a gifted man, Whose brain-pan teemed with umption, Discovered quite a novel plan For dealing with umption. By treating each consumptive wight With hard-boiled eggs last thing at night.

He told the Public of his scheme. But met with stern denial. "Absurd," said they, "we shouldn't dream Of giving it a try. Men can't resist a thing like this."

The years rolled on. The doctor's schemes Soared annually higher. His fellow-sufferer covered beams With plans that no one bought. The Public eyed with gentle smiles These energetic juveniles.

More years rolled on. The hapless pair Found life no whit the gay. The doctor's luxuriant hair Turned grey, and his eyes dim. (The architect was nearly white, Through sitting up too late at night.)

And then—the Public changed their mood: Their hearts began to soften. They felt the doctor's cures were good— (They'd had that feeling often). They also chanced to recollect The merits of the architect.

"Come, plan us mansions, bring us pills," Their cry no answer rouses. No one alleviates their ills. No one designs them houses. "I'll build you a fine house, I wis; Each has been dead for several years."

—Punch.

### Everyday Life in Russia.

WE are a numerous family gathering every evening at six o'clock round the board of the Count X—

He lives 300 miles from St. Petersburg in a family mansion which was splendid in its day. Our dining-room is spacious, although somewhat dilapidated. There is a fine portrait of the former master of the house, signed with some artist's name, hanging on the wall. It gives one a glimpse into the past when this family in common with the rest of the Russian noblesse was rich and powerful. The family crest is upon every piece of china upon the table and every napkin, and there are four servants moving in and out of the room.

There is the count, his mother—an aged lady, who is the real head of the household and whom we call madame—the young countess and her four children, who are all counts and countesses after the Russian law of title-bearing; there is the governess and the nurse, and then madame's sister, who has been a teacher in Moscow for thirty years—she was a rich and beautiful girl before her father's serfs were freed, but now is a broken-down school-room drudge whom madame insists upon living with her, in spite of the fact that the estate is heavily mortgaged and every copeck must be counted.

Then there is the old governess whom madame had for her own children, and who is passing her fortieth year in the family circle. "She eats so little," she is so very old; we love her so dearly; madame answers when I remonstrate over this extravagant charity. The young countess's brother, wearing the uniform of a St. Petersburg University student, is also one of our number.

His first year at the university is not necessarily residential, so he is spending the winter with his sister and studying at home—in theory. He never makes his appearance at our ten o'clock breakfast and at luncheon is still half asleep,

but at dinner he is entertaining and sometimes even amusing, as he finds time between the cigarettes he smokes between courses and in admiring his handsome features in an opposite mirror.

The overseer of the estate is at table with us, and the housekeeper, and there is in addition an aged relative upstairs, an old lady of eighty, to whom madame sends up an ample meal. "She is poor and old and helpless; what could I do but take her in?" madame says it quietly, and the subject is closed. There is a special servant to wait upon her, and she has the best of the house command.

The count appears at the door in a rough sheepskin such as the moujiks wear, and which he dons when going over the estate. He has a fine furred coat for town, but it is carefully put away in the country. He hangs up his sheepskin and takes his plate up to his mother, who is serving. Various members of the family follow his example, and the peasant girls waiting at table have time to enter into conversation and to giggle with one another at the door.

We do not have the "zakausky," so familiar in stories of Russian life, but which I have learned to expect only at Russian dinner parties or ordinarily in the families of foreigners in Russia. The zakausky is served from a side table, and consists of such things as smoked raw herring, caviare sandwiches, smoked geese, mushrooms freshly cooked or pickled, and always plenty of vodka.

Here we begin with the soup, having with it a tiny hot scone with chopped meat inside. The soup, instead of the usual cabbage soup, is made of beets, and there is thick, sour cream for it which I eat politely in much the same way that Becky Sharp ate the famous red pepper at Joseph Smedley's invitation.

The Russian duck is very tender and toothsome with pickled cherries, the potatoes bear signs of having been frost-bitten, there is a plate of crumbled green cheese, into which the countess puts a slice of black bread and butter, butter side downwards, and passes on to her brother, who serves himself in the same way, and there is a big decenter of red kvass for all who want it. After the duck there are vegetable soups, for which the count proudly places before me an English sauce, leaving the table to get it. For the sweets we have a concoction which looks like treacle, and which is made of the stewed juices of several fruits. Of course there are cucumbers. There is a Russian proverb which says, "Everything is nothing compared to eternity, but eternity gives place to a salted cucumber."

Dinner in Russia always includes tea an hour or two later, but as it is Sunday night we do not sit around the table and talk during this interval, but plan to go into a neighboring village for the weekly gathering, famous in the Russian village, of the peasant girls, where most of the courting is done. So the children and the gentlemen of the household all go up to madame, kiss her hand, and thank her for the dinner in the pretty Russian fashion, and the very religious ones cross themselves before leaving the table.

We set out for the village in three troikas made of basket-sleighs filled with straw. There was a commotion in the village as we entered, which I, fresh from England, the land where the title whisperer both flourish, thought was the appearance of the count, and countess. But it was only a moujik who had taken too much vodka who was being ejected. No one seemed the least disturbed at our appearance. The count's father had owned this village, and every person in it body and soul, but as he makes a place for himself among the gaily-dressed girls they unconsciously go on with their spinning as before, more interested in the peasant boys, who stand shyly watching them outside the circle, than in us.

There are some gypsies spending the night in the village, and they are brought in. Their leader has an accordion from which he evokes marvelous tunes to which the girls sing in weird and piercing tones, better fitted for an open-air concert. They and the boys dance some pleasant dances with quick, shuffling steps and really intricate figures, and then the gypsies dance with a spirit, an abandon and a grace which are an artistic triumph. Your hostess at a St. Petersburg dinner might have given you the same entertainment from the gypsies, but she would probably have paid fifty or one hundred roubles for it instead of the few roubles she paid for the village feast.

More Than Half. Coffee does not set up disease with all people using it. On the other hand, it absolutely does create disease in thousands and thousands of cases perfectly well authenticated and traceable directly to coffee and nothing else. This statement may hurt the feelings of some coffee-drinkers, but the facts are exactly what they are. Make enquiry of some of your coffee-drinking friends and you may be certain of one thing, one half of them, yes, more than half, suffer from some sort of incipient or chronic disease. If you want to prove it's the coffee, or would prefer to prove it is not the coffee in these cases, take coffee away from those persons for from ten days to a month; don't change the food in any other way, but give them Postum Food Coffee, and the proof of whether coffee has been the trouble or not will be placed before you in unmistakable terms.

A young lady in the St. Mary's Academy, Winnipeg, Canada, says: "One of our teachers suffered a long while from indigestion. She was a coffee-drinker. She became worse steadily and finally was reduced to a point where the stomach did not retain any food; then electricity was tried, but without avail. She, of course, grew weak very fast, and the doctor said the case was practically incurable."

"About that time I was attracted to a statement in one of the papers regarding the poisonous effect of coffee and the value of Postum Food Coffee. The statement was not extravagant, but couched in terms that won my confidence and aroused me to the belief that it was true. I persuaded our teacher to leave off the morning cup of coffee altogether and use Postum Food Coffee."

"A change took place. She began to get better. She has now regained her strength and is able to eat almost every kind of food, and has taken her position as teacher again." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

## LUDELLA CEYLON TEA

is the result of a careful study of the public taste. TRY IT.

stead of the one we paid in the village.

The samovar is out and tea ready when we return to the house, with the old governess to serve it and wash our cups and saucers afterwards in the samovar bowl without leaving her seat. There is a delicate wild strawberry jam which the countess and madame's sister eat with their tea instead of sugar, half-filling the spoon first with the jam and then with tea. The table is covered with white oilcloth, and there are no plates, while the one silver knife on the butter-plate serves for all. At eleven o'clock the table is cleared and the inevitable game of cards begins, lasting until one or two o'clock, played lazily and amicably with cigarettes mechanically lighted and discarded one after another.

If you are a dinner guest you are not supposed to leave until the cards are put up, and sometimes you may see the morning beginning to break as you draw your curtains and make ready for bed.—Rebecca A. Insley in London "Daily Mail."

### A Good Gas Mantle roc.

Incandescent gas lights save you money, more light and less gas. Lights complete from 35c up. A good gas mantle for 10c each. G. & J. Murray, 224 Yonge street.

### Microbes in the Garden.

Little blossom, is it so? In my garden as you grow: Where with waterpot I tend you, And from nipping frosts defend you, In your buds do microbes lurk, Doing there their deadly work?

Do the roses, white and red, Pine upon a sad sick bed, Stricken by the dread bacilli? Must you tall and stately lily, Scaping scath of loathly worms, Fall to pathogenic germs?

Ah! grim Science—that can spy The bacteria that lie In our bread, our cheese, our kisses, With an aim that never misses— From your threats of dire disease Spare our gardens, if you please. —Punch.

### A Splendid Train Appreciated.

"I would rather travel on the Grand Trunk's International Limited than any other train in America," said a prominent business man yesterday, as he stepped from the train that had just brought him from Montreal, a distance of 333 miles, in 7 hours and 40 minutes. Many such remarks are to be heard daily from passengers as the "Flyer" stands in the Union Station in readiness to continue the run to Detroit and Chicago, leaving Toronto at 4:50 p.m., and arriving Detroit 9:30 p.m. and Chicago 7:20 a.m. The service excels in every particular—comfortable, high-back coaches, handsome and splendidly appointed cafe parlor car, and luxurious Pullman sleeper, in reality a palace on wheels, where one can sleep, dine, smoke or read with as much comfort and ease as in the finest of hotels. For a long distance train the "International Limited" has a splendid record for regularity and promptness to schedule time; passengers almost invariably arrive at destination "ON TIME." City office north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

### The Czar's Love Story.

COMMENTING on the imperial manifesto just published, in which the Czar announces his decision to grant religious freedom to all his subjects other than those of the orthodox faith and to improve the conditions of village life and of the local nobility and peasantry, William E. Curtis says: "Russia has made greater progress toward civilization and civil and religious liberty during the brief time that Nicholas has been ruling than during the entire reign of any of his predecessors, and it is largely due to the influence of the Czarina, who was the favorite granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and is a wise, intelligent and good woman. During his boyhood, like the ordinary prince, Nicholas III. was a very wild fellow, and when about twenty-one he contracted an alliance with a Polish dancer, much to the chagrin and sorrow of his father and mother. She was, however, a generous and sensible woman, and undoubtedly her influence over the prince imperial was good. They had three children, and were still living as husband and wife when Alexander III., the late Czar, went to his death-bed at the beautiful country palace near Sebastopol. For several years the parents of Nicholas III. had been hunting through the courts of Europe for a suitable bride for their son, and finally selected Alix of Hesse, the daughter of Alice, the loveliest of all Queen Victoria's children, who, as you may remember, died from diphtheria some years ago, which she contracted while nursing her babies when they were ill with that dreadful disease. The Czarina Dowager, who is a sister of the Queen of England and the daughter of that best of all living monarchs, King Christian of Denmark, had been very fond of Alix from childhood, and for several years had been anxious to bring about her marriage with Nicholas. The latter was not only willing but eager to marry the young German princess, because she was beautiful in person, attractive in manner, amiable in disposition, and as much admired as any member of the royal families in Europe. Alix, however, stubbornly denied his suit. The Polish actress made it impossible for her to accept the Russian throne, and no arguments or pledges had any effect upon her. She declined to accept a husband who already had a wife and three children, to whom he seemed to be devoted, even if an imperial crown was offered as a wedding present. When Alexander III.

lay dying he sent for Alix to come to his bedside. What occurred between them nobody knows, except, perhaps, Nicholas and his mother, but soon after it was announced that a marriage had been arranged and that Alix of Hesse would be the next Empress of Russia. The Polish actress and her children were sent away, given a beautiful residence on the shores of the Black Sea, and she has since married an officer of the army. Nicholas and his bride have been as happy and devoted as anyone could wish. The only drawback to their happiness has been the lack of an heir to the throne. They have four daughters, but no sons."

### The Proudest Darkies.

WHEN Rebecca Douglas Lowe was made president of the Federation of Women's Clubs of America, writes Van Vlatoh in the "Argonaut," the negro servants of the Lowe homestead in Atlanta were justly the proudest darkies on the continent. The position to which their mistress had been elevated was the highest in the gift of American womankind, and "Miss Beck" was "suddenly IT as she was bawny to."

On the death of Queen Victoria, Mrs. Lowe cabled the condolences of the women of America to the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII. In due time an official acknowledgment found its way back to Atlanta by post, and was delivered to Robert, the factotum of the Lowe household, by carrier, together with the customary bulky bundle of official and private mail. The big seal attracted the attention of Robert, and excited his interest. Sarah was not good enough to "tote the mail up to Miss Beck that mawmin"; no sah! Robert must do it himself, that mawmin," and so he did.

The mistress received the weighty correspondence with accustomed dignity and nonchalance, and did not even "start" or turn pale at the great letter which had impressed Robert so mightily. She began opening the letters in the usual manner, not at all to the satisfaction of Robert, and he took the liberty accorded to old servants in the South of "interposing."

"Miss Beck," said he, "pears like you had a very important letter in yo' mail this mawmin'!"

"Yes, Robert."

"Pears, Miss Beck, as if it was from royalty?"

"Yes, Robert, it is from the King of England."

Robert waited for nothing more, but hastened down to the servants' quarters to herald the great news. Mrs. Lowe thought no more about the matter of the servant's curiosity until she was out riding with her daughter, Mrs. English, in the afternoon, and sat waiting in the carriage while her daughter did some shopping.

Andrew was on the box, and took advantage of the opportunity to find out more about the royal letter than Robert had been able to tell them. Using the fore-mentioned privilege of old family servants in the South, he turned to his mistress and asked: "Miss Beck, Robert was tellin' us this mawmin' that you had a letter from the King er England this mawmin'?"

"Yes, Andrew; Robert spoke true."

"Robert said it was a ver' impawtant letter, Miss Beck."

"Yes, Andrew, a very important letter."

This closed the enquiry for some minutes, but the negro curiosity had not been entirely satisfied. Turning again to his mistress Andrew enquired in an undertone suggestive of a wheedling bid for confidence: "Miss Beck, I s'pose the King er England is askin' us to come over and spend the summah with him?"

—Punch.

A little Sunlight Soap will clean cut glass and other articles until they shine and sparkle. Sunlight Soap will wash other things than clothes.

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Who has, by wearing, experienced the difference between the Hagar Shoe and other makes will never wear the other.  
"HAGAR" Shoes fit perfectly, retain their shape, and give absolute ease to the foot.

**H. & C. Blachford**  
114 YONGE STREET

**A Millionaire's Museum.**

**M**R. PIERPONT MORGAN'S reported decision to build next door to his New York residence a museum in which he intends placing the priceless art treasures he has collected during the last twenty years or so, and which are now distributed over the capitals of the whole world, has aroused the greatest interest.

Most of the important collections of objects d'art which have come under the hammer in recent years have been secured by Mr. Morgan, not to speak of such single pieces as the tapestry said to have been stolen at the time of Cardinal Mazarin from the royal palace, in Madrid, and recently sold to Mr. Morgan for a trifle of \$500,000, or the Limoges triptych to the entombment by Nodon Penicault, sold to him for \$100,000, or the famous Colonna Raphael, for which the millionaire paid \$500,000.

All these pieces will find their way into the new museum, together with the collection of German silver cups, chalices, dishes, etc., formerly belonging to Mr. Gutmann, and acquired by Mr. Morgan for \$350,000; the Pfungst collection of fifteenth and sixteenth century bronzes (\$200,000); the Garland collection of Chinese porcelain, for which the New York branch of Duveen's secured no less than \$750,000; the Mannheim collection of bronzes, majolica, Limoges, etc. (\$200,000); the famous "stolen" Gainsborough, sold to the ardent collector by Messrs. Agnew for \$150,000; a unique collection of miniatures by Cosway and Plimer, perhaps the finest collection of this kind in the whole world.

Mr. Morgan is also the lucky owner of the three rose du Barry Sevres vases from the Good and Lord Coventry collections, sold to him for \$75,000, the Hobbema from Captain Holford's collection (\$150,000), and the superb series of decorative panels, "Le Roman de l'Amour et de la Jeunesse," by Fragonard, which he bought from Messrs. Agnew for the sum of \$325,000.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Morgan's museum will contain the most remarkable collection ever formed by a private individual, a collection which may well vie with many of the famous public collections in the Old World.

**It Was All Right.**

"I have a great idea." As he spoke it was more than evident that the young playwright, whose name even now was a household word in two continents, was more than ever before in his career, carried away by the tide of a true inspiration.

"Can it be possible," said the manager, "that your play has already matured? Why, when we parted company last evening you could think of nothing, and now—"

"Now," burst forth the enthusiastic artist, "it is finished—it is complete! Listen while I tell you."

The face of the manager showed a trace of disappointment. He moved uneasily in his seat.

"Don't be too sure," he muttered. "Your enthusiasm may have misled you. But go on."

"Listen, then. The plot? Bah! It is nothing. I stole it from the French. And then I fixed it up to suit myself. First, then, we have an opening chorus. The girls will come out in some brand-new color scheme which your designer can put his mind on immediately. Then some vaudeville specialties will be introduced. The scene will be laid—well, say on Broadway at midnight, or on some uninhabited island—that doesn't matter. And here's a new topical song, entitled

"But I cannot swallow that!"

"In the last act Chippie Bandoine, the star, is just saved from—oh, well, some one, and every girl in the chorus appears in pea-green tights."

The manager grasped the great man by the hand.

"Grand!" he cried. "Simply grand! Do you know, when you first spoke I was afraid you were going to propose something entirely too good for the public."

"Life."

Bliss—I understand that South American general has resolved to say his life story. Glibson—Yes; he wants ten dollars for the library edition.—"Judge."

Girl! (in the depot)—I have drunk six glasses of beer waiting for my wife, and now the train is an hour late. I'll have to order three more. Oh, dear, what an expense a wife is!—"Uk."

Canon Ainger, Master of the Temple, and biographer and editor of Lamb, once uttered this pithy saying: "You may preach like an angel, but if you can whistle on a stick people ignore your preaching and speak of you as the man who can whistle on a stick."

**Dropped Them.**

Quit the Medicines and Get Well On Grape-Nuts.

Made over on a change of food is rather a fascinating experience. Sounds like fiction, but an employee of the Anaconda Copper Company of Anaconda, Mont., had just that experience, being cured on Grape-Nuts.

"For several years I was so run down from indigestion and improper foods that I had to resign a \$125.00 a month position in Chicago," he says. "I was in such a bad condition that if I stooped over the sour food came boiling up into my throat and out my mouth."

"I lost nine months' valuable time, and three of Chicago's best physicians said I must die. I weighed about 140 pounds, which is skeleton weight for me. So I resigned myself to my fate and went home to the country to die. It was there a cousin introduced me to Grape-Nuts and new life. I threw all my medicines away, and at the end of two weeks' use of Grape-Nuts had to admit that I had gained four pounds. In the next few weeks I ate absolutely nothing but Grape-Nuts and pure rich cream, and gained 18 pounds."

"I began to take interest in the events of the world again. From this point my recovery has been rapid, and to-day I am physically in the best condition I ever was in my life. I had no trouble to get a position with the Anaconda Copper Mining Company at a better salary than before."

"This is what Grape-Nuts has done for me. It saved my life, thanks to pure food." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

The other beauties of the Paris stage

**Beauties of the Paris Stage.**

**I**T is a curious fact that, although the lovely women on the Paris stage are legion, there are but few of them who can be ranked among the leading actresses of the French capital. The ladies who are known world-wide as the beauties of the French stage, such as Mmes. Cleo de Merode, Otero, Odette Valery, Manon Loti, whose blonde and dimpled beauty has drawn all Paris and its great legion of foreign visitors to see her, Liane de Pougy, Cavallieri, Almee Maurice, of the Casino de Paris, whose name this winter has become a Paris proverb for superb plasticity, and many others whose photographs are in the show windows and all the illustrated periodicals, cannot be classed among the leading Paris actresses, and in the ranks of these, strangely enough, real beauty is comparatively rare.

Among the leading actresses of Paris there is perhaps one only who is in the front rank both by her beauty and her talent, and that is Mme. Jane Hading. Jane Hading, beautiful although she is, is eight-and-thirty, and though her charm will doubtless be perennial, she must, in the nature of things, soon hold her place by her genius rather than by her physical attractions. It is curious that in a country where the cult of beauty is woman's chief pursuit the leading actresses should be so rarely beautiful, and yet such is the fact. Perhaps the reason is that, from an English point of view, French beauty—beauty that is as a Frenchman and a Frenchwoman understand it—is charm, or manner, and not beauty at all. French audiences, and therefore, of course, French managers, look upon charm and talent as far more important assets than beauty of face and figure on the stage, and women like Mme. Heliane, or, to cite another typical instance, Mme. Yvette Guilbert, have actually contrived to gain in charm from the mere fact of not being really beautiful, a statement that sounds almost impossible to English ears.

On the other hand, Cleo de Merode was until recently a dancer in the Opera ballet, and even since her beauty brought her into prominence she has made no mark on the stage in France. Otero has confessed to the writer of this article that her best audiences are always found away from Paris. The same thing must be said of Liane de Pougy and of Cavallieri, and its explanation lies in the French character, which, as a leading manager in Paris recently remarked, "admits of beauty in the ballet, or in the music-hall, but thinks that it must hamper talent in an actress."

But if the leading Paris actresses are not beautiful as we English understand the word, they are extremely charming. Take Mme. Sarah Bernhardt for instance—a woman who will be sixty-nine years old next October, and who is a grandmother several times over. She plays such parts as Marguerite Gauthier in "La Dame aux Camélias," and La Tosca in the play of the same name, and plays them with such charm and such youth, that no one in the audience thinks about her beauty. It was Mme. Bernhardt's own saying, I think, that "every Parisienne is beautiful—even, and perhaps especially, the ugly ones," and there is a great deal of truth in it.

No Paris playgoer would take a critic seriously, for instance, if he asserted that Eve Lavalliere, the Cupid of Orpheus aux Enfers, at the Varieties, was not a beauty, and yet she is none. She is charming, delicious as a drawing by Gavarni, but she is not beautiful, and so it is right through the list. The real fact is that French and English ideas as to what beauty is are altogether different. Some English beauties, Haygate for instance and Elise de Vere, have crossed the Channel and made names for themselves in Paris; but it has been because they had acquired the Parisian charm, and not because they were beautiful women.

"Yes, she is beautiful, but she has talent," is a remark which may be heard whenever a new star with pretensions to good looks appears upon the firmament in Paris, and the "but" is most significant. It is part of a French theatrical manager's creed that no woman who is really beautiful can be charming and vivacious on the stage.

One proof of this belief is Mlle. Bartet, who, when she made her debut upon the stage of the Vaudeville in 1873, deliberately made herself less beautiful. "We will try to charm with acting and with voice," she told a friend, whose memoirs have since retold the story. "And not with features." And now, retiring with full honors from the Comedie Francaise, after thirty years on the Paris stage, Mlle. Bartet has proved the justice of her appreciation of the critical faculty of a Paris audience.

There is no exception in Paris which may rank as an exception to the rule, which the above story would seem to have exposed, and this is the Opera. Among the singers who have held Paris audiences in thrall at the Academie Nationale de Musique, as the Opera is called officially, have been very many very lovely women, women whose beauty is of world-wide reputation, and who are singers of great talent just the same, and recognized as such even in Paris.

"How did they get a hearing, if, as you say, and I have already been told, beauty is rather a drawback than otherwise?" the writer of this article asked one of the men in power at the Paris Opera one afternoon. He smiled and pointed to the printed statutes on which the annual subsidy paid by the State for the Opera's support was set down as £32,000. "That is one reason," was his answer. "We can have public opinion for a time, and after all, it is only until the talent has been proved that Parisians refuse to believe a lovely woman has it."

The other reason is, of course, that in opera beauty cannot detract from the charm of a lovely voice, and charm of manner is by no means so necessary as upon the comedy stage. Among the beauties of the Opera, Mme. Heglon stands first and foremost. She has been there since the end of 1890, and, as all London playgoers remember, made an immense success at Covent Garden in "Messaline" and "Henry VIII," a few seasons ago. Then there is Mme. Hatto, who was known as a beauty far and wide before her voice had brought her fame, Mme. Jeanne Raunay, with the cold, severe beauty of the Greek goddesses, whose voices she has stolen, and almost on one side of the Channel as on the other.

The other beauties of the Paris stage

are known as beauties chiefly, and their talents come as second in the public mind, even when, as in the case of Cecile Sorel, they are members of the Comedie Francaise. Few playgoers know anything of Mlle. Laverne, for instance, of Filiaux, Lucy Gerard, Mealy, Megard, Lucy Bignon, Bresil Avril, Carlix, or even Emilienne D'Alencron, whose prowess on the stage has varied from the practice of black magic to the training of white rabbits; but ask for their photographs in any shop, and they will be handed you immediately.

**An Irish Lullaby.**

O, go to sleep, you rogue of rogues, And I'll give you a pair of fairy brogues; They were clouted under a windy dawn By the fairy fingers of Leprechaun.

As brown as a withered leaf sat he Under the shade of a hawthorn-tree; A weezy man in an old green coat, With the voice of a blackbird in his throat.

He fills no fields and he has no house, But he's always handy to hawthorn bows While the fairy shoes he makes or mends For he and the hawthorn are faithful friends.

I heard his hammer one morn of May Over the hills and far away, And followed after the tinkling tone, And found my Leprechaun bird—alone.

A fairy gift had I come to choose? I asked for a pair of fairy shoes, I made them out of the autumn leaves Whose red drift crackles on frosty eves.

"The feet that wear them shall never tire, And never be bogged in the oozy mire, If they go star-following night and day Over the hills and far away."

I took the shoes from his hand, and here They wait the minute you waken, dear; They'll serve by day and they'll serve by night, Through summer scarlet and winter white.

So, colleen dhás or colleen dhú, Go dream of the shoes that were made for you Under the arch of a windy dawn By the fairy fingers of Leprechaun. —Nora Chesson in the London "Sketch."

**Do You Know**

That it's no use Eating Unless you Digest Your Food—That If Your Stomach Won't Digest It Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Will.

Do you know that the stomach is the seat of health as well as the root of disease? Do you know that if the stomach is out of order the whole body is affected, is unable to do its regular work, is unable to resist any disease that may be floating around, and is all the time working towards disease on its own account?

This is only natural. The man who can't get food for his stomach grows weak and ill. If the stomach is not in shape to pass the food along to the various parts of the body the food must just as well never be eaten. That's why Dyspepsia is worn out and dispirited. They are just like people who have been starved for a time.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are made just to fit such cases. They digest the food themselves, and thus while the body receives its natural nourishment and thrives, the resting stomach gradually recovers its natural powers. That's why Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cure as well as relieve. That's why Ademar Coderre of St. Jacques de Lachapelle, Que., is able to say:

"I certify to having suffered two years with Dyspepsia caused by inflammation of the stomach. I took three medicines without relief. I became discouraged until one day seeing an account of cures performed by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets I bought two boxes. By the time I finished taking them I was completely cured, and I have stayed cured ever since."

**A Feminine Financier.**

THE people who rashly allege that women have "no head for business" will find it hard to maintain their argument in the face of a tale told by the Chicago "Post." The story began with the wife. "George," she said, "mother has sent me a cheque for forty dollars to get a new gown."

"Very thoughtful and kind of her," he commented.

"It's to be spent for nothing else," she says.

"Quite right."

"I wish you'd put it in with your bank account. I'll ask you for it when I want it. I can't do my shopping just now."

That was the first chapter of this financial tale. Now we come to the week-later. "George," she said, about a week later, "I wish you'd bring me home that money to-night. I'm going down town to-morrow."

He brought the money home and gave it to her, and that ended the second chapter. The third contained a surprise.

"George," she said, toward the close of another week, "I wish you'd bring me home that forty dollars that mother sent."

"Why, I gave you that last week!" he protested.

"Oh, you gave me forty dollars, of course," she admitted, "but you remember mother said her money was to be used for a gown and nothing else."

"Yes."

"Well, I didn't use that for a gown, so the money wasn't hers. I got some things for the children and the house with it, and now I want her money for the gown."

"O-ho!" he exclaimed. "So you misappropriated funds."

"I did nothing of the kind!" she asserted.

"She gave you the money for a certain purpose and you expended it for something else," he argued. "That's a clear case of misappropriation."

"Not at all," she insisted. "If I had spent it for the gown it would have been her money; but so long as I didn't it was yours, and I spent it for your children and your house. Now I want the money that mother sent."

The poor man brought home another forty dollars, and considered the incident closed.

But in the course of another week the wife remarked, "You have fifteen dollars left of mother's money, and I believe I'll take it now."

"But I gave it all to you!" he protested.

"You gave me forty dollars," she replied, "and I spent twenty-five dollars of it for a skirt. That was mother's money, but the other fifteen dollars went for the children and the house, so that wasn't



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BUFFALO  
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mother's. There's just enough left for a jacket." "I'll meet you to-morrow," he said, "and we'll go together and get that jacket. I don't believe I care to take any more chances with that money."

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

**The Telephone in Chinatown.**

ONE of the unique features of the far-famed Chinatown of San Francisco is the Chinese "hello girl."

The Oriental folk, quick to adopt the ways of the American, have long recognized the convenience of the telephone.

For several years most of the rich Chinamen have used telephones, but pidgin English talked over the wire to central has its disadvantages. "You cutchee him, led-fi seblen—you sabe—fi seblen-led, led-fi—oh, you heap sassy now—you sabe him—fi, et cetera," with four others on the ten party line trying to get a number, not only created trouble with central, but also encouraged profanity along the line. However, to business-like "John" time is just as valuable as it is to the American financier, so he decided to waste no more time with the "Melliecan" central. An appeal was made to the telephone company. The result was the establishing of a branch office situated in the heart of Chinatown and the employing of Chinese operators.

That was two years ago. Since that time over five hundred 'phones have been placed in the Oriental quarter, nearly every business house of importance being a subscriber. The office is fitted up in luxurious style, with polished floors, ebony furniture, and elaborate carvings so dear to the Chinaman. At the switch-board five girls and as many boys, all native sons and daughters, are employed. The girls, with their elaborate coiffures, their jewels, and pretty flowing gowns of gay colors, present a charming picture. Voices of clear falsetto ring over the 'phone with metallic precision. There is no fusing, no flitting, each little maid being as demure as a nun. There is no trouble about wrong switches, for one of the characteristics of the Chinese is that, when a duty is once mastered, it is always performed with mechanical accuracy. The officers of the company say that a mistake in the books of a Chinese bookkeeper is a very rare occurrence, and that a complaint of central is absolutely unknown. On the side of the room opposite the switch-board a joss is installed, and from the incense-burners tiny columns of perfumed smoke curl up, pervading and purifying every corner wherein an evil spirit might lurk in contemplation of mischief.

**The History of the Canary.**

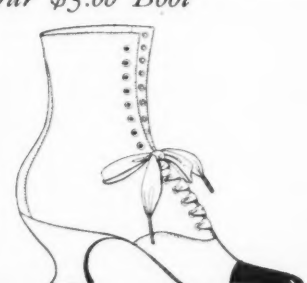
About three hundred and fifty years ago a ship returning from the islands in the Atlantic which people then called the "Fortunate Isles," but which were undoubtedly the Canaries, went ashore on the coast of Italy, near Leghorn.

A cage of beautiful birds captured in those islands was broken and the birds were liberated. Through some caprice they did not take refuge on the mainland, but went to the island of Elba, where in due time they nested and bred, and increased in numbers.

The Italians discovered that they were admirable singers, and began to capture them and sell them in cages. This gave rise to a traffic which soon completely cleared the island of Elba of "canary birds," so that not one was left there in a wild state.

From that time the history of the can-

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Makes this line for us—it is made of No. 1 Vici Kid, Patent Tip, Full Louis Heel—it is lasted perfectly and fits like a glove. All sizes in two widths.

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**THE FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR**  
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**\$1.00**  
Besides a handsome Collar or Dolly free.

The second quarter of Corticelli's Home Needle-work for 1903 is now being mailed to subscribers. Every lady should have this useful magazine on her fancy work table. The above offer gives one the chance of getting the magazine for one year free. Send \$1.00 at once to the Corticelli Silk Co., Box 311, St. John's, P.Q., and get the magazine and the Weekly Star for one year for only \$1.00, with a handsome collar or dolly free.

ary has been a record of perpetual imprisonment and transformation of his appearance and character.

In their natural state, as they still exist in the Canary and Madeira and other Atlantic islands, the birds are of a grayish green or greenish brown color, and are not remarkable for beauty, but they have been known to burst the membrane of their throats in pouring forth their song.

Widow (tearfully)—Yes, my daughters are now my only resources. Friend—Take my advice and husband your resources well.—Princeton "Tiger."



## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE { Business Office, ..... } Main 1700  
{ Editorial Room, ..... }

Subscriptions for Canada and United States addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$2 00
Six Months.....	1 00
Three Months.....	50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra. Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

VOL. 16. TORONTO, APRIL 4, 1903. NO. 21.

## The Drama

THE future of the drama is being discussed by such publications as the "Bookman" and the London "Times Literary Supplement." To the former Professor Brander Matthews contributes an article in which he contends that the history of the drama is the long record of the effort of the dramatist to get hold of the essentially dramatic and to cast out everything else. He is confident that the drama of the future is going to be less rhetorical, less oratorical, less lyric, less epic, more purely dramatic. The stage will no longer be made to serve as a pulpit for a sermon, a platform for a lecture, or a singing gallery for a ballad. He points out that in the modern well-lighted theater the actor can reach his audience through their visual, as effectively as through their auditory, sense, and consequently the spectators are more interested in what is done on the stage than in what is said. A sudden pause, a piercing glance, an abrupt change of expression may convey to the onlooker what is passing in the minds of the characters more directly than the dialogue. Professor Matthews' line of argument seems to lead straight up to the conclusion that the literary form of the drama will become less important. This, in fact, appears to be what is actually taking place in our day. As Professor Matthews truthfully points out, the drama, although it has often a literary element of prime importance, never comes wholly within the bounds of literature; it has always exercised its privilege of enlisting and profiting by all the other arts, pictorial and plastic, epic, lyrical and musical. But when Professor Matthews hints that the drama of the future is to tend towards pantomime, because the most intense dramatic action can be exhibited wholly without rhetorical assistance, I for one think he pushes his position too far and that the future will not justify his forecast. The London "Times Literary Supplement" puts the case against Mr. Matthews very aptly when it says that there will always be the minor or ostensibly superfluous dialogue, over and above the directly significant word or the eloquent action, because the playgoer must be made aware of the normal "timbre" of the dramatist's voice in order to understand what he says in his impressive moments. The same paper continues, "For our part we think the future career of the drama is likely to be hampered by its inability to tell cultivated and curious people of to-day a tithe of the things they want to know. What the drama can tell, it can tell more emphatically than any other art. The novel, for instance, is but a report; the drama makes you an eye-witness of the thing in the doing. But then there is a whole world of things which can not be done—of thoughts and moods and subconscious states which can not be expressed—on the stage, and which can be expressed in the novel. In earlier ages, which could do with a narrow range of vivid sensations, the drama sufficed; it will not suffice for an age which wants an illimitable range of sensations and, being 'quick in the uptake,' can dispense with vividness."

Adelaide Herrmann, Mistress of Black Art, with her beautiful costumes and pretty scenery, is here again, but this time at Shea's. In the first part of her programme the tricks are very ordinary, but she makes up for the deficiency by her graceful and charming manner of performance. Madame Herrmann has, however, a very artistic and clever illusion called "The Sleeping Beauty, or a Dream in Mid-air." It is new and very well done, indeed. It differs from other "levitation" illusions that have been here, inasmuch as the subject is made to assume different poses with only (seemingly) a slender stick under one arm, and is made to turn around completely while at right angles to the pole and four or five feet from the ground. The four Lukens do some splendid gymnastics, their work being done in a rhythmic, easy fashion that is pleasing. Swan and Bamard, "eccentric, grotesque and acrobatic comedians," are quite funny—the best in their line we have had here for some time. The man with the Green Gloves, James Richmond Glenroy, comes out and lies for about twenty minutes. As he says himself, he is an "awful liar." His line of monologue is in a play on names of places and things and his obituary notices on fictitious tombstones are very laughable. Orth and Fern are clever pianists and have good voices. One of them plays blindfolded with keys muffled, and also plays with his hands, nose and feet. The two Nices have better voices than the usual run at Shea's, but the act would be improved if the gentleman would not disgrace his face with such unnecessary grimaces and if he cultivated a more graceful entrance. The playette this week is "The Vaudeville Exchange." Miss Alice Hutchings appears in three characters and is pretty in them all. The fun is of the horse-play variety, though the company looks smart enough to have something more entertaining. Press Eldridge, monologist, makes his appearance, as usual, attired in a dainty morning jacket with frills nicely ironed. He favors women too much—all his witticisms are directed at them, and he hasn't anything new or really clever to say.

There is nothing worthy of comment in the local theatrical offerings of the week at either the Princess or the Grand. "The Belle of New York," that ancient but everlasting musical comedy, and "Arizona," Augustus Thomas's best known melodrama, are both old and stale in Toronto. The fact that they are presented by capable people does not alter the fact that for the habitual playgoer they no longer possess a vestige of interest.

The Aborn Opera Series will open here at Shea's Theater on April 13th in Harry B. Smith's and Victor Herbert's beautiful comic opera, "The Serenade," for several seasons past one of the most popular pieces in the repertoire of the Bostonians. The operations of the Aborns for the spring and summer will include ten or a dozen of the largest cities, each one with its permanent chorus, while each opera presented will have its own separate cast, each artist being selected for his or her fitness for a particular part. A different cast will be seen here each week, many of them in their original parts, and the operas will be staged with the same scenery and costumes as when first produced. The programme for this city includes "The Serenade," "Rob Roy," "The Highwayman," "The Wedding Day," "The Jolly Musketeer," "Wang," "The Wizard of the Nile," etc.

"David Harum," as dramatized from Westcott's book, will be presented by a company under the direction of Julius Cahn at the Princess Theater next week. This comedy ran



MACDONALD VS. MACDONALD.

(First case tried before the proposed Canadian Divorce Court.)

Public Opinion, C.J., hears argument on the motion for a judicial separation of Rev. J. A. Macdonald, minister of the Gospel, from J. A. Macdonald, political nurse. John Charlton, K.C., for the plaintiff.

the greater part of one season in New York, and its tour last season took in Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia, in which cities it enjoyed long runs and won unstinted favor. All the scenes in the comedy are laid in Homeville, N.Y., the opening one being an exterior showing a bit of Harum's bank on one side, Aunt Polly's house on the other, and the barn in the background. The characters are all introduced before Harum comes into view, and when he does it is after his experience with the balky bay horse on the river road. One of the features of this act is the horse trade between David and Deacon Perkins, and it is said to be very cleverly worked. The second act shows David's room next to the office of the bank. While in the preceding act Harum's swapping propensities are shown, in this the cold business side of his character and his desire to get the best of everyone is pictured. Among the incidents are the tussle with Bill Montaigne, the village tough, the matter of the counterfeit bills and David's advice to Lenox to put them in the drawer, as they are all right as long as they are kept moving. There is the resignation of pert Chet Timson and finally the securing of the mortgages on the Widow Cullom's property. Aunt Polly's sitting-room is the scene, and Christmas morning the time, of the last act. Incident follows upon the heels of incident with rapidity in this act, but the feature of it all is the story of the visit to the circus with Billy P. told by Harum as he sits by the open fire-place smoking a very bad cigar. At its conclusion, when the old man recalls the good that Billy P. did him and he gives back the widow her house and farm, there comes a gentle touch of emotion that is very strong. The play ends with the Christmas dinner and the opening of that famous bottle of champagne. There are fourteen characters in the comedy, and they are said to be in capable hands. Mr. Turner in his make-up as Harum follows minutely Westcott's description of the old fellow.

One of the leading features of the bill at Shea's Theater next week will be a sketch entitled "The Jolly Jolliter," which will be presented by Barrows, Lancaster and Co. A young couple, who have been married scarcely three weeks, quarrel in a New York cafe. It is on Christmas Day, but still they are determined not to eat at the same table. Each orders a lonely meal, but before it is served they are brought together at another table by an elderly man who insists that although they are strangers to him they must dine as his guests. He is not aware that they are even acquainted with each other, and this brings out many funny situations, but all ends well, and, as the novels say, "they lived happily ever after." Bailey and Madison, who mingle comedy and acrobatic work, will be another feature of the bill. Will H. Fox has not been heard in Toronto for several years; he uses a funny make-up, and a baby grand piano, and gives the crowd some talk that keeps it in good humor. The originator of the satire on Paderewski, he has a record of seven months' continuous run at the Palace Theater in London, and more than five hundred nights in the best music halls of London. Parker's Dogs, in an act that will attract and please the children; the Clan Johnstone troupe, Highland and character dancers and bag-pipe players from the Palace Theater in London; La

Petite Adelaide, toe dancer; Maude Meredith, vocalist, and Tom Mack, with his funny black-face make-up, will be contributors to what promises to be a fetching vaudeville performance.

## "Oh, There are Moments."

Oh, there are moments in man's mortal years  
When for an instant that which long has lain  
Beyond our reach is on a sudden found  
In things of smallest compass, and we hold  
The unbounded shut in one small minute's space.  
And worlds within the hollow of our hand—  
A world of music in one word of love,  
A world of love in one quick wordless look,  
A world of thought in one translucent phrase,  
A world of memory in one mournful chord,  
A world of sorrow in one little song,  
Such moments are men's holiest—the full orb'd  
And finite form of Love's infinity.

## A Pretty Face Better than Medicine.

M R. EGBERT RYDINGS, an old friend of Ruskin, writes as follows to "Household Words": "After Ruskin's serious illness of brain fever he gave me an idea of the strange hallucinations which beset him. Jackson, his valet, was taking charge of him, and although Ruskin said he was a splendid nurse, and did everything he could to alleviate his pain and soothe him, yet, strange to say, Ruskin took a dreadful hatred to him, and every time he came into the room he thought it was the devil that had come for him. Laughingly, he said, 'The delusion was so realistic that under his swallow-tail I could see a barbed tail, and instead of feet I saw veritable cloven hoofs.' This strange delusion lasted for several days and nights. Sir William Gull was attending at the time, and was astonished to find that every day his patient got worse. Ruskin told Sir William of this disturbing element, and asked him if he could find a very pretty female nurse to come and take charge of him. Sir William said he could, and a nurse of this description was got, and, as Ruskin told me, 'the effect of that pretty face and graceful figure was a greater restorative than all Sir William's medicine.' When the doctor came again he was utterly astonished to find Ruskin almost recovered. At the complete cure Ruskin asked Sir William if he knew if Kate Vaughan was performing that afternoon in London, and if he might go to see her dance. Sir William answered that she was, and Ruskin and Sir William Gull went off to see her. The great exponent of beauty in nature enjoyed Kate Vaughan's dancing immensely, and from that day forward there was no more medicine."

"They can name a brand of bad cigars after a man," said the celebrity to himself, "but, fortunately, they can't make him smoke them."



M. McCONNELL

Sir Wilfrid—Now, boys, I'm going to try and do the square thing, but don't be surprised if some of you have to go hungry.

## Society at the Capital.

THE concert given under the auspices of the Woman's Art Association on Tuesday evening was a great success from both a musical and social point of view. The programme, as anticipated, was an excellent one, and the audience, which was composed of the elite of Ottawa, was most appreciative. His Excellency and Lady Minto honored the occasion with their patronage and presence, and a party from Government House accompanied them. Miss Fyshe played the piano in a most accomplished manner, and everyone was delighted with her interpretations of the difficult numbers she had chosen, including selections from Grieg, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Scarlatti and others. Miss Kellert charmed the audience with her sweet contralto voice, and was particularly happy in her selections. Much disappointment was expressed at the unavoidable absence of Miss Kathleen O'Hara, who, owing to a very bad cold, was unable to take her part in the evening's programme. Mrs. Lyons Biggar played in her usual finished manner, as did also Mrs. Scott. Several very sociable supper parties were given after the concert, Mrs. Gormully being the hostess at one, where about forty guests were present, and another was given by Lady and the Misses Cartwright, who entertained about twenty of their friends. Teas, as usual, continue to "hold their own," and the largest one of the week was that given by Lady Borden for her daughters on Tuesday afternoon, and although it was a wet and disagreeable day, all the young people found their way to Stadacona Hall, the charming home of this most popular hostess, which was transformed into a bower of roses for the occasion, American Beauties being most lavishly distributed in the tea and reception rooms.

Lady Mulock also entertained at the tea hour on the same day in honor of Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mrs. McDowall Thomson and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick. Lady Mulock was assisted by her daughters, and wore a handsome black sequin costume, while Mrs. Alexander's gown was of a very handsome white material, with a great deal of lace trimming. This was decidedly a "pink tea," the decorations being entirely confined to that delicate color, and the table daintily draped with pink silk.

Another popular hostess at a tea was Lady Aylmer, who entertained on Wednesday, and was assisted by her sister, Miss Lily Young, and Miss Winifred Aylmer, Mrs. Lyons Biggar and Mrs. Robert Cartwright. The Misses Cartwright, who has been suffering from a severe cold, did the honors at a most delightful tea on Friday, which was given principally for the seasonal visitors, a great many of whom availed themselves of Lady Cartwright's hospitality.

Mrs. MacBride (nee Chrysler), wife of Professor MacBride of McGill University, Montreal, is in Ottawa, paying her parents a short visit, and her mother, Mrs. Chrysler, gave a very jolly young people's tea for Mrs. MacBride on Wednesday, when all her old chums were glad to have the pleasure of welcoming her home again for a few days.

Mrs. Harry Ward of Port Hope was the guest of honor at a bright luncheon party of twelve, at which Mrs. F. Cockburn Clemow was the hostess on Friday last. The table was beautifully decorated with tulips, and the guests were Mrs. C. A. E. Harris, Mrs. Hansard, Mrs. Kirchhoff, Mrs. Joseph Pope, Mrs. Northrup of Belleville, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. H. McGivern, Miss Doutré of Montreal, Miss Melvin-Jones of Toronto and Miss Ritchie. This very popular hostess entertained also at a girls' tea on Friday afternoon for her daughters, which was very largely attended by the many friends of the Misses Aileen, Gwendoline and Edith Clemow, who all looked very stylish, Miss Clemow in a pongee silk gown trimmed with blue velvet, Miss Gwendoline in white silk, and Miss Edith in blue voile and cream lace.

Mrs. A. G. Blair, wife of the Minister of Railways and Canals, held an evening reception on Thursday, and, like Lady Laurier's on the previous Thursday, it partook of the nature of a musicale, several of the guests contributing to the evening's entertainment by singing most charmingly, they being Mrs. Bentley, Mrs. Walter Dickie, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Logan. Some of the guests who availed themselves of Mrs. Blair's invitation were Lady Laurier, Sir William and Lady Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. McDowall Thomson, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Senator and Mrs. McMullen, Hon. William and Miss Hart, Miss Reddan of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle of Cornwall, Senator and Mrs. Owens, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. Northrup of Belleville, and a great many others.

A most delightful dinner party, at which Sir Louis and Lady Davies were the host and hostess, came off on Thursday evening, the guests including the Earl of Dundonald, Lady Elizabeth Cochrane, Hon. Speaker and Madame Brodeur, Sir William and Lady Mulock, Hon. W. S. and Mrs. Fielding, Hon. J. Israel Tarte, Sir Hibernus and Lady Tupper, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mr. Russell, M.P., Mr. Isaacs, M.P., and Judge Armour.

Dr. Horsey chose a most enjoyable mode of entertaining several of his friends on Thursday by taking them to Britannia to see the process of making maple sugar. A start was made from town by electric car early in the afternoon and after the party had witnessed the method of "sugaring" and had been refreshed with afternoon tea, they returned to town about six o'clock, having had an exceedingly jolly and interesting afternoon. Another of these "sugaring" parties drove to the sugary at Chelsea on Monday afternoon. It was chaperoned by Colonel and Mrs. Turner, and after the "sugaring" was over the party sat round a large bonfire and enjoyed a cup of tea.

The weather of late has been so warm and tempting for outdoor exercise that several young people have inaugurated walking parties, and on Saturday a party of twelve, chaperoned by Mrs. S. H. Fleming, had a tramp to Deschenes, where tea was partaken of, and they returned to town by electric car. The Harriers also have started their weekly runs for the season, and their first chase came off on Saturday, a large number of spectators as well as participants assembling to see the start. The hares were Messrs. D'Arcy McGee, Harold Nutting, Gladwyn McDougall, Peter White and Captain Bell, A.D.C. Master Norman Fowler, who is only nine years old, was one of the harriers, and followed the hares over the whole route, which comprised nearly nine miles. His Excellency drove Lady Eileen Elliot, and Lady Minto, with her two younger daughters, Ladies Ruby and Violet Elliot, followed on horseback, as well as Captain Hughes, Mr. Guise, Miss Winifred Gormully, Miss Coates, Miss Moore, Mr. and Miss Southam, while a great many preferred following the route in carriages, among whom were Sir Sandford Fleming, Mrs. A. Z. Palmer, Mrs. Crombie, Miss M. Cartwright, Miss Dunlevie and many others. Montreal is now organizing a Harriers' Club, and there is talk of a challenge run being arranged between the two clubs in the near future.

Saturday's fine weather also tempted a great many golfers out to the Chelsea road links, and quite a fine afternoon's sport was enjoyed.

Several of the visitors who came to Ottawa for the Opening of Parliament and the Drawing-room, and were tempted to prolong their visits for another week or so, have left for their various homes, among them Miss Hart and Miss Marion Reddan, who returned to Kingston on Saturday last; Miss Leonie Brown of Waterbury, Conn., who said "good-by" to her numerous friends on Friday, and Miss Belle Irvine, who has been visiting Mrs. Montizambert and has returned to Quebec. Miss Gladys Nordheimer expects to return to Toronto on Wednesday, and Miss Amy Douglas, who has been Mrs. Burbridge's guest, left for the same place on Sunday.

The engagement has just been announced of Miss Lilian Armstrong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Armstrong, to Mr. Oscar C. L. Arlitz, B.A., LL.B., of New York.

June is by nearly everyone considered to be the month of the year most adapted for weddings, and I hear of four well-known society girls of Ottawa who are busy preparing for four interesting ceremonies which are to take place here in that most delightful "leafy" month.

Ottawa, March 31.

## THE CHAPERONE.

## Oh, Fudge!

Where did that very common word "fudge" come from, and what does it really mean? The antiquarian of the Boston "Journal" says the first appearance of the word in literature is in the description of the call of Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs on the Vicar of Wakefield's household: "But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behavior of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out 'Fudge!' an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation." Does the word come from the provincial French "fuche" or the Low German "futsch"? Or shall we trace it to the story of 1700 quoted by the elder D'Israeli: "There was, sir, in our times, one Captain Fudge, who always brought home his owners a good cargo of lies, so much that now aboard the ship, the sailors, when they hear a great lie told, cry out, 'You fudge it!'"



# CLUB LIFE IN TORONTO.

Something About the Social, Political and Athletic Clubs and Club-Houses.

6.-CANADIAN CLUB.



The Founder, W. Sanford Evans.

THAT man is a gregarious animal is both a truism and a platitude. That his gregariousness is specially in evidence when meal time arrives is a point that the social philosophers have possibly overlooked. None but a clod cares to devour his forage in sullen solitude. Like Charles Lamb, the heir of all the ages has no appetite.

"To sit a guest with Daniel at his pulse," but must indulge a taste for chit-chat, scandal, jokes and a thousand humors and fancies, as the very spices and condiments of pleasurable eating. Doubtless it is for this reason that the Canadian Club, which is unique amongst the clubs of Toronto, has enjoyed a vogue and popularity quite remarkable, starting in 1897 with a paltry score or two of members and possessing to-day a membership of eight hundred, with a waiting list of considerably over one hundred. The Canadian Club supplies in a limited way the craving of alert minds for instruction and intellectual entertainment, united with sociability and the pleasures of the table. Though without quarters of its own, it brings together once a week for luncheon several hundreds of representative Toronto young men. It affords opportunity for the discussion of current questions of interest to its members as Canadians and as citizens of the world. It has brought famous men to Toronto to speak upon subjects in which they are specialists. And it has stood for a broad and rugged Canadianism and the promotion of a national self-consciousness.

The club was organized in the autumn of 1897, Mr. Sanford Evans, a well-known journalist, now of Winnipeg, being the moving spirit and founder. The purpose of the organization, as set forth in the constitution, was to foster patriotism by encouraging the study of the institutions, history, art, literature and resources of Canada and by endeavoring to unite Canadians in such work for the welfare and progress of the Dominion as may be desirable and expedient. It was not till some time after its formation that the club assumed its present character. At first the meetings were occasional, not weekly, as they now are. Three or four months after its inception the club inaugurated an informal weekly luncheon, but for some time this was a purely social affair and the expressed objects of the club were served at special meetings specially convened. Thus during the first six months of its existence there were held two open meetings, addressed by eminent writers and scholars, and a public banquet was tendered to Mr. (now Sir) Gilbert Parker.

But as the Canadian Club grew in popularity and its membership increased, the weekly luncheons became its distinguishing feature. For several years these were held on Friday. They are now held on Monday. As many as three hundred and fifty persons have sat down together at a single one of these gatherings, and the most serious problem that has recently confronted the club is to find accommodation ample for its needs in any of the restaurants of Toronto. At the weekly luncheon there is always some invited guest who addresses the club upon a set theme. Naturally the attendance varies with the reputation of the speaker and the popular character of the subject. There used to be many lively discussions participated in by the members of the club, but the organization has become too large to admit of general debate on a question introduced by a speaker, and extempore contributions to the programme are now a thing of the past.

Among the distinguished personages not residents of Toronto who have accepted the hospitality and contributed to the entertainment of the Canadian Club may be mentioned Sir Gilbert Parker, Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), the late Nicholas Flood Davin, Dr. W. H. Drummond, Mr. William Wilfred Campbell, Professor Adam Shortt, the late Principal Grant, the late Sir John George Bourinot, Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, Hon. Tom L. Johnson of Ohio, Dr. J. W. Tyrrell, Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati, Dr. Benjamin Russell, M.P., Hon. Howard G. Crosby, Mr. R. L. Borden, M.P., Speaker Evanurel Mr. F. C. Wade, K.C., Principal Mills of the Ontario Agricultural College, Mr. J. Lorne McDougall, Professor James W. Robertson of Ottawa, Mr. Booker T. Washington, Hon. J. W. Longley, Hon. S. J. Barrows of Washington, Mr. J. H. Stoddart, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts.

Not the least important benefit conferred on the community by the Canadian Club is the marking of historical places in and about Toronto with marble and bronze tablets appropriately inscribed. This work has been in charge of Mr. Frank Yeigh, as convener of the Historical Tablets Committee, and the best evidence of the zeal with which Mr. Yeigh and his committee have pursued their object (and sometimes, as was necessary, the lukewarm and procrastinating modern owners of ancient landmarks) may be found in the following list of buildings and sites which have been or are soon to be marked with tablets for the information of oncoming generations: The Old Fort (two inscriptions—one at eastern and one at western gate); Consumers' Gas Company's building (site of first legislative building of Ontario and third Toronto jail); old Parliament buildings, Front street west; St. John's



George A. Howell, Treasurer.

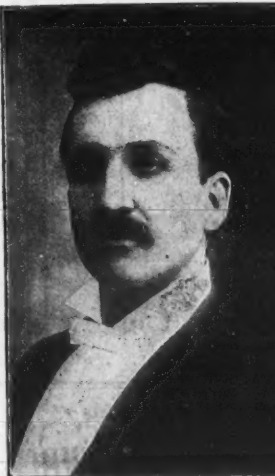


A. E. Huestis, Secretary.

held on Monday. As many as three hundred and fifty persons have sat down together at a single one of these gatherings, and the most serious problem that has recently confronted the club is to find accommodation ample for its needs in any of the restaurants of Toronto. At the weekly luncheon there is always some invited guest who addresses the club upon a set theme. Naturally the attendance varies with the reputation of the speaker and the popular character of the subject. There used to be many lively discussions participated in by the members of the club, but the organization has become too large to admit of general debate on a question introduced by a speaker, and extempore contributions to the programme are now a thing of the past.

Among the distinguished personages not residents of Toronto who have accepted the hospitality and contributed to the entertainment of the Canadian Club may be mentioned Sir Gilbert Parker, Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), the late Nicholas Flood Davin, Dr. W. H. Drummond, Mr. William Wilfred Campbell, Professor Adam Shortt, the late Principal Grant, the late Sir John George Bourinot, Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, Hon. Tom L. Johnson of Ohio, Dr. J. W. Tyrrell, Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati, Dr. Benjamin Russell, M.P., Hon. Howard G. Crosby, Mr. R. L. Borden, M.P., Speaker Evanurel Mr. F. C. Wade, K.C., Principal Mills of the Ontario Agricultural College, Mr. J. Lorne McDougall, Professor James W. Robertson of Ottawa, Mr. Booker T. Washington, Hon. J. W. Longley, Hon. S. J. Barrows of Washington, Mr. J. H. Stoddart, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts.

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Frank Yeigh, Convener Historical Tablets Committee.



JOHN A. COOPER,  
First President Canadian Club.



D. BRUCE MACDONALD,  
Sixth President Canadian Club.

Square, first military burying-ground in Toronto, latterly called Victoria Square; Bishop Strachan's Palace, Front street west, now replaced by Flett, Lowndes building; Toronto Railway building, on site of old Court House Square; 191½ King street east, site of old Home District school; Canada Company's building; site of first Grammar school, or old "Blue School," erected in 1813 where the Public Library now stands; the first bank in Toronto, Bank of Upper Canada, erected 1822, the walls and vaults of which still stand at the south-eastern corner of King and Frederick streets; St. James' Cathedral, Castle Frank, Moss Park, and the spot on the Humber Bay where the invading United States soldiers made their landing.

The following have been the successive presidents of the Canadian Club: First, John A. Cooper; second, W. Sanford Evans; third, George Wilkie; fourth, W. E. Rundle; fifth, S. Casey Wood, Jr.; sixth, D. Bruce MacDonald. The present officers and executive committee, 1902-3, are: President, D. Bruce MacDonald; First Vice-president, Dr. F. J. Smale; Second Vice-president, Charles E. Edmonds; Secretary, A. E. Huestis; Treasurer, George A. Howell; Literary Correspondent, E. R. Peacock; Committee, S. Casey Wood, F. E. Brown, C. D. Daniel, James Haywood, Mark H. Irish, George H. D. Lee, Charles A. Moss, Dr. G. H. Needler.

## The Desire.

Give me no mansions ivory white,  
Nor palaces of pearl and gold;  
Give me a child for all delight  
Just four years old.

Give me no wings of rosy shine,  
Nor snowy raiment, fold on fold,  
Give me a little boy all mine  
Just four years old.

Give me no gold and starry crown,  
Nor harps, nor palm-branches unrolled,  
Give me a nestling head of brown  
Just four years old.

Give me a cheek that's like the peach,  
Two arms to clasp me from the cold,  
And all my heaven's within my reach  
Just four years old.

Dear God, You give me from Your skies  
A little Paradise to hold,  
As Mary once her Paradise,  
Just four years old.  
—Katharine Tynan in "Spectator."

## Buying the Engagement Ring.

I HAD loafed around in front of the shop, hoping to find a moment when it was clear of customers—and I never saw business so good in all my life—until I had evidently excited the suspicions of the policeman on the corner, and until I felt myself a fool. This buying an engagement ring was more embarrassing than I had anticipated. Why were engagement rings worn, anyhow? Rings and such tokens were simply a survival of barbarism, that should be abolished by civilized peoples. I wondered if I couldn't persuade the dearest girl in the world to take that view of it. But I knew I didn't dare try.

It was the proudest and happiest moment of my life, I reasoned, irrefutably. Then, why in the name of Hymen did I feel so sheepish over it? I swore to put off all timidity. Everybody could know if they wished. I was willing to proclaim the glorious truth from the house-tops; heralds could announce it on every corner, for all I cared. The town crier could shout it along every street and lane, without fazing me in the least. Check all of this valiant defiance of all the world, I threw up my head, stuck out my chin, swelled out my chest, and stalked boldly into the shop.

I strode sternly up to the nearest clerk, and said, in loud vibrant tones, despite the hideous fact that I felt everyone had stopped trafficking to watch me, "I want to see some of your—er—your—er—hem! please let me see some of your—er—your—er—your clocks."

It was ignominious. Why, oh, why had I yielded to that sudden impulse of cowardice, that foolish longing to gain time at any cost? The clerk's suave, "Yes, sir; just step

this way, sir," fell on unheeding ears, as loathingly I contemplated the depth of my fall.

"I think you said you'd like to look at some clocks, sir," suggested the clerk, after waiting a few minutes for me to follow him.

"I did—miserable shuffler that I am, I did," I exclaimed, bitterly. "But I don't. I shouldn't care if there'd never been a clock made."

The clerk stared.

"What I really want to see, and I don't care who knows it," I continued, in a firm, resonant voice, "is some of your—er—pianos."

Again I had balked at the fatal word. Oh, what a wretched poltroon I was! I flushed to the roots of my hair. I looked wildly around for some avenue of escape. Oh, to get away, to hide myself and my shame in some far-distant and desolate country, where I should be the only living soul!

I threw up my arms in instinctive defence, and ducked, with both eyes shut tight, as I felt a hand close at my elbow.

"I think, sir," whispered the clerk, who had slipped from behind the counter, without my noticing his movement, "that—excuse me—it is probably a wedding-ring you wish to see."

I opened my eyes, with a gasp. "N-no, no-o-o, n-n-o-t j-j-just yet!" I stammered.

"Ah, an engagement ring?" he inquired, with the most charming smile I ever beheld.

I grasped his hand, and wrung it fervently; tears of gratitude started in my eyes. I would gladly have laid down my life to give him a moment's pleasure.

"How did you ever guess?" I cried, amazed at such miraculous penetration.

That night the dearest girl in the world wished to know if I had had much trouble in selecting the ring, but—she—does—not—know!—Alex. Ricketts in "Smart Set."

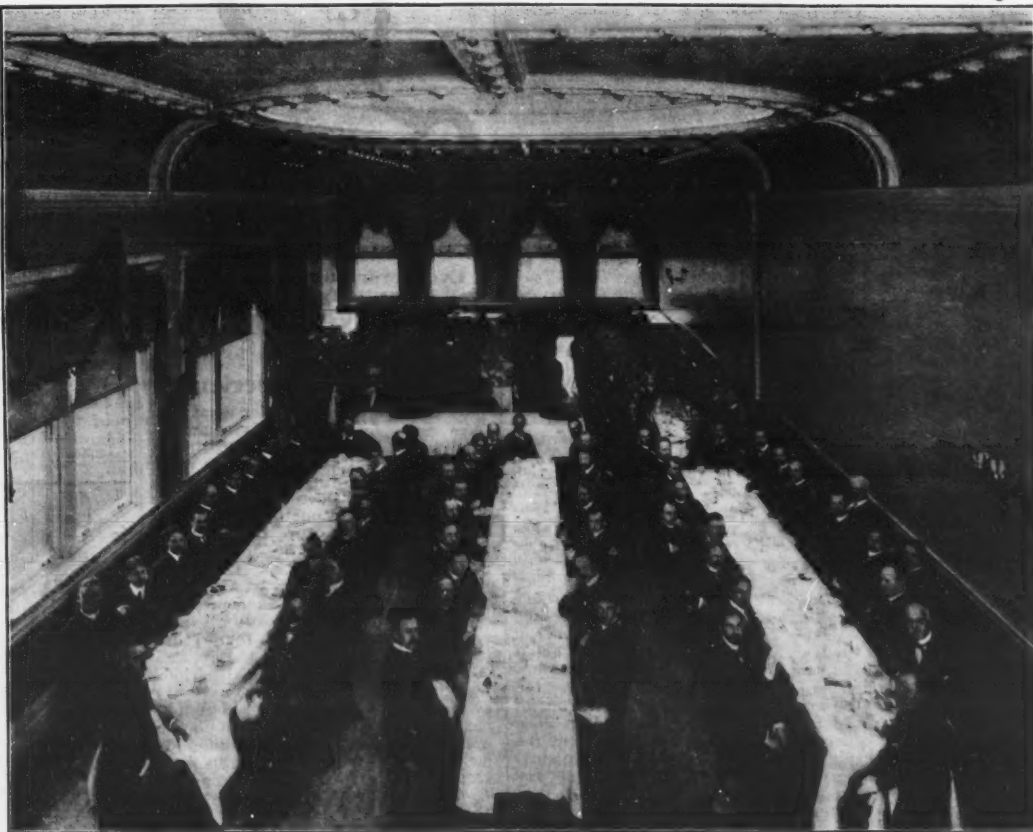
## A Dressmakers' Convention.

NE of the principal subjects which came up for discussion at the National Dressmakers' Association in Chicago last week was the shirt-waist. It was declared common, bourgeois, and a menace to the profits of the hard-working dressmaker. Mme. Baker, one of the leading speakers, said: "Fight against the shirt-waist all you can. Talk them down all you can. They are a danger to every modiste. How can we expect to do a successful business when shirt-waists, which are in the mode, can be bought at any of the department stores for from \$8 to \$12? Can we afford to spend our time making shirt-waists which net only a trivial profit? From a business point of view, the shirt-waist is a foe to our profession—and they aren't pretty, anyway." Warning against the "dressmakers' face" was also issued by the lecturer. She said that the strained, agonized expression of the modiste on a still hunt after ideas was becoming as well known as the bicycle, the golf, or the football face, and urged her hearers to look pleasant and forget their trials. The "dressmakers' face" was, she declared, especially prevalent at this time of year in the chase after spring and summer patterns. Some of the dicta in regard to the constructing of gowns which the speaker laid down were as follows: Trains are tabooed; skirts must be no longer than barely to touch the ground; everything must be smooth about the hips; the skirt without a yoke has no place in fashions; short sleeves are bad form for street wear, even in the hottest of dog-days; blouses are no longer the thing; waists are to have a pompadour effect; and big sleeves are coming in again—sleeves with a puff at the shoulder like those in the celebrated Marie Stuart picture.

## Pursuit.

A boy once chased a butterfly; it led him far away;  
He ran till he was out of breath, until the twilight grey;  
His hands were torn with briars, and his weary legs were sore—  
And when he caught the fluttering thing he valued it no more.

A man once chased a dollar and he ran with night and main,  
Unmoved by other pleasures and indifferent to pain.  
And when a glittering fortune in his grasp quite safely lay,  
He said, "I'll turn philanthropist and give it all away!"  
—Washington "Evening Star."



Members of the Canadian Club at their Weekly Luncheon.

## Our Place in the Universe.

SOME interesting comments on Alfred Russell Wallace's recently published theory of the universe, according to which the earth and man are at its center, are made in the "Independent" by Professor W. H. Pickering of Harvard. In the first place, Professor Pickering thinks that Wallace's conclusion that the universe is limited is not upheld by the evidence that he offers. "It is true," he allows, "that the increasing power of our telescopes and cameras shows a constantly decreasing increment in the number of stars revealed by them; but this, it seems to me, does not indicate that we have reached the limits of the stellar system, but rather that we are still very far from them. An approach to the limits would be marked by a sudden instead of a gradual decline in the number of additional stars observed. It may be shown mathematically, assuming all the stars to be alike, that with each additional magnitude we should increase the total number of stars four times. That is to say, suppose that in a certain region in the heavens we want to find five stars brighter than the sixth magnitude. Then we should expect to find twenty stars brighter than the seventh magnitude, eighty stars brighter than the eighth, three hundred and twenty stars brighter than the ninth, and so on. In point of fact the ratio four is seldom reached, and never held long, even among the brighter stars, while among the fainter ones much smaller ratios are found to obtain. This really means apparently one of three things: either, first, that as we recede from our sun the stars grow smaller; second, that, as we recede, the stars grow farther and farther apart; or, third, that there is an absorbing medium in space which makes the remoter stars appear fainter than would otherwise be the case. It is possible that all three of these hypotheses are correct, but it is not likely that we are near the edge of the universe as yet."

"With regard to our position in the exact center of the Milky Way, Mr. Wallace seems to have been led into error by the accuracy of the figures given by Sir John Herschel. Many astronomers, especially in former times, were in the habit of giving their numerical results in very small fractions of the second of an arc, whereas, in point of fact, they could not measure the given distance perhaps within several minutes. This seems to be the case in the present instance. If the Milky Way were merely a hazy uniform band of light, we might locate its medial line with some approach to accuracy. A close examination, however, shows that it is, on the contrary, a branching structure of most irregular form and brilliancy, sometimes one side being the brighter and sometimes the other, and it would not be possible for any two observers, or indeed for any single observer working on different nights, to agree within as much as a degree as to where the medial line should properly be drawn. Assuming, however, that we are within one degree of the medial plane, and within ten per cent. of its central position, which is indeed quite possible, it may readily be shown that there are from one to ten thousand stars that are just as likely to hold the central position as we ourselves. That is to say, any one of our naked-eye stars may be the central one. But again, supposing our sun is the central star, what of it? If we are central to-day, since we are moving about fourteen miles every second straight toward one side of the Milky Way, we are not likely to remain central very long, and when the human race first appeared, perhaps one hundred thousand years ago, we certainly could not have been anything like central. It would therefore appear that our sun is no more likely to control the one favored planet of the universe, on this hypothesis, than any other of the three or four thousand stars that are visible to the naked eye upon a clear night."

"With regard to the habitability of the various planets, Professor Pickering seems to agree in the main with Mr. Wallace, although he will not admit that there is no possibility at all that Mars is inhabited. He says in conclusion: 'It has been said that if an angel were to have paid a brief visit to the earth once every hundred thousand years, he would have come perhaps a thousand times since the earth first separated from the sun, but only once would he have found intelligent life upon its surface. From this we may argue that if we ourselves could now visit one thousand planets that were capable sooner or later of supporting life, on only one of them could we properly expect to find inhabitants of a degree of intelligence equal to that, let us say, of our own ancestors ten or twenty thousand years ago. From this point of view, perhaps, we may claim that we really are the most intelligent animals in the universe, at the present moment. At the same time I fear we must admit that there is very little evidence from an astronomical standpoint which can be gathered in support of such a claim.'

## When Love Came.

THERE is a woods in England, a favorite haunt of the fairies and wicked elfs who inhabit such places. The oaks, so tall and stately, sweep through the ages with many a secret locked within their strong hearts, and to those they love they whisper pretty tales of the sun glances through their heavy foliage, and at night when it is stormy hint in vicious mood of dark deeds long ago forgotten by man. Here for many a day a child was wont to walk. Simple, alive, imaginative, she danced through on her merry way, weaving sweet fancies, till by and by the old oaks came to know her and as she passed through daily they would take her into their long arms and let her live in their secret past. As she reached the edge of the woods she would greet them, and they were her only friends and comrades.

As she grew, new thoughts, new feelings, were breathed around her, and always as she walked along the river with the elms boatmen busy upon its waters, foot-falls as of a horseman followed her, and though pretty tales she never caught up, she was never alone. Many a timid wonder as to who the rider would prove to be stirred within her, and in her mind he was many things, but most often he was Prince Charming and lived in wonderful palaces. But still she went alone and the galloping followed, and she was happy and blissfully contented. After a while, though, there were two strollers beneath the old trees, and by and by there were none, and the fairies and elfs played their pranks unseen and the crabbed oaks scolded them for their frivolity. For the girl was gone.

One day she came back, a woman. And with a fretful discontent she cried: "Oh, to be free again to walk these woods where I was so happy. I can never go away from them again!" For when she reached the edge of the forest the old feeling of joy came over her. But it ended at the outskirts. She did not know what to look for inside. The woods seemed so dark, so tall, so crushing. And surely they were never so silent in the old days. There was no sound save the rushing of the river between the desolate banks. An echo came to her from the past of the galloping feet, and she knew that, now the rider had caught her up and they had ridden on together, the old comrades had scattered and never again could she return, though the way she had chosen was rough and her strength often sorely tested. So she returned to her new home, and when the bondage of age and wisdom grew irksome and she longed for her freedom as of old, the awful stillness of those woods would come upon her and she realized she would indeed be alone as never before.

ZARA.

## More Devilish Proverbs.

Apocryphal of our specimens last week of "Devilish Proverbs," a correspondent sends us a clever version of a good old saw:

"Teach not your parent's mother to extract  
The embryo juices of an egg by suction;  
That good old lady can the feat enact  
Quite irrespective of your kind instruction."

Here are a few more furnished by another correspondent:

"A pebble in a state of circumlocution acquires not the lichen of moral vegetation."

"The mendicant once from his indigence freed,  
And mounted aloft on the generous steed,  
Down the precipice sure will undoubtedly go,  
And end his career in the regions below."

"Persons, the apertures of whose mansions are of vitrified sand, should not project fragments of granite."  
"Desecrate your forage under the radiance of the empty-rear."

At a distinguished gathering in Vienna the other day, Dr. Lorenz jestingly remarked that the greatest ordeals to which he had to submit during his recent visit to the United States were "the mania for banqueting foreign celebrities to death" and the "tyranny of the American toastmaster."



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## Anecdotal.

A tourist in a remote part of Ireland, having stayed the night at a wayside inn not usually frequented by visitors, informed the landlord in the morning that his boots, which had been placed outside his room door, had not been touched. "Ah, sure," said the landlord, "and you might put your watch and chain outside your room door in this house, and they wouldn't be touched."

Senator Hanna told to a group of his fellow-Senators the other day this story: "In Lisbon, where I was born, they say a black man and a white man were once riding together along a lonely road. The road led past a jail, and in the courtyard of the jail they saw, rising above the high and dismal stone wall, a gallows. 'Jim,' said the white man, 'where would you be if that gallows had its due?' 'Guess he'd be ridin' alone, sah,' Jim replied."

The Democrats of Rochester, New York, eager to get out their full strength at a recent election, sent word to S. B. Anthony, 17 Madison street, marked "Democrat" in the poll-book, just before the last day of registration, that "unless you register you cannot vote." They got the following answer a day or two later: "In response to your notice of this kind in 1872 I did register, and later voted. For this I was arrested, fined one hundred dollars, and sent to jail. You will excuse me if I decline to repeat this experience.—Susan B. Anthony."

Poultny Bigelow attempted on one occasion to interview "Oom Paul" Kruger and met with about the same fate that many interviewers have had with the former President of the Boers. He found the old man in a very bad humor, and could get only monosyllables in reply to his questions. He employed every art of the interviewer, but to no avail. Finally, despairing of getting any information of use to him by straight questioning, he determined to be diplomatic and approach Mr. Kruger from his family side. So he asked, very nonchalantly: "Is your wife entertaining this season?" Short and sharp came the gruff answer: "Not very." And the interview closed there.

The autobiography of Sir Henry Layard, which has just appeared in England, has this story about Disraeli: "My aunt was wont to relate that on one occasion, when hotly engaged in a political argument, he said, with great warmth, 'When I am Prime Minister I shall do so and so,' at which there was a general laugh. He was walking excitedly up and down the room, and advancing to the chimney piece, struck it violently with his fist, exclaiming at the same time, 'Laugh as you may, I shall be Prime Minister.'" Layard adds: "I have no doubt of the truth of the story."

## "The Book Shop."

## LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER

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as I heard it frequently from my aunt long before the possibility of his rising to that lofty position was contemplated."

The late J. E. Boehm, the sculptor, once met Gladstone at a country house, and was immensely impressed by the extent and diversity of the statesman's knowledge, as revealed in his conversation. Boehm was still full of the subject when the morning arrived for Carlyle's sitting for a bust, and to the philosopher the sculptor poured forth his admiration for Gladstone's intimate acquaintance with subjects so far apart as gardening and Greek. Carlyle listened for a time in scornful silence. Then he said: "And what did he say about your work?" "Oh, nothing," said Boehm; "he doesn't know anything about sculpture." "Of course," growled Carlyle, "of course, and he showed his knowledge about things that you didn't understand. No doubt if you asked Blackie he'd say that Gladstone knew nothing about Greek and the gardener would tell you that he knew nothing whatever of gardening."

When Mrs. "Jack" Gardner entertained the famous and mysterious Thursday Club, at her equally famous and mysterious Italian palace, in the suburbs of Boston, the Thursday before Washington's birthday, the weather was as inhospitable as it was un-Italian. With forty degrees of frost outside, it was impossible to raise many degrees of warmth inside by the sole aid of twelfth-century, open fire-places. Yet the dignified Thursdays sat through a somewhat lengthy programme in regulation evening attire, with seeming lack of discomfort, and proved themselves the thoroughbreds that they are, although the marrow was frozen in their aristocratic bones. But the dignity of the occasion did not preclude some witty comments, one of which came from the wife of one of the frozen ones. Said she, when told of the discomfort of the occasion: "How fortunate for Mrs. Jack; all she needed to complete her place was a frieze of eminent Bostonians."

J. L. Toole, the comedian, relates this story of how he was entertained by Bret Harle at a luncheon in London: "After a greeting from my host, he said, 'Let me introduce you to the Duke of St. Albans.' 'Oh! yes,' I said, with a smile, and shook hands with the gentleman who was assuming that character, as I thought. Then he introduced me to Sir George Trevelyan, and I had hardly shaken hands with him when my host said: 'I would like to introduce you to Count Bismarck.' 'Oh! yes,' I said, bowing to the new-comer; 'how many more of you are there?' Where is Von Moltke, for instance?" Bret Harle laughed, so did Trevelyan; a comedian is allowed certain privileges, and my remark was considered, I dare say, more or less complimentary; but I had no idea what a fool I was making of myself. At luncheon I said to the man who sat next to me, 'Who is the gentleman Harle introduced me to as St. Albans?' 'The Duke of St. Albans,' he replied. 'And the man opposite?' 'Herbert Bismarck, the Prince's son.' 'No,' I said, 'really?' 'Oh! yes,' he said. 'And the man talking to him?' 'That is Sir George Trevelyan.' 'I was never more sold in my life.'

## Family Jar in Public.

Although 'twas in a public place, Where family jars should never be, My wife and I stood face to face. When suddenly she rushed at me.

I pushed her with no gentle touch; She staggered back and nearly fell; Then with a wild, excited clutch, She tore the rose from my lapel.

I grabbed her by the arm, and she, Her face as crimson as the rose, Clawed in a frantic way at me, And stamped upon my tender toes.

I seized her in a rude embrace, Which only added to the brawl, For as I tore a bit of lace, She jabbed me with her parasol.

Perhaps I should explain that we Were standing in a crowded car, And every stop and start, you see, Hurled us together with a jar.

—Brooklyn "Eagle."

## The Anglo-Saxon Conquest.

If language is a true measure of conquest, the Anglo-Saxon is rapidly conquering the European continent. "High-life," pronounced "big-lee," has long been in use; "lo sport" and "il yacht" are everyday matters in Italy; continental papers talk casually of "il globe-trotter" and "il reporter;" and "meetings" has usurped the place of all Latin synonyms, and in Italy gets its plural regularly—"meetingai," like any other good Italian noun. An enterprising shop, calling itself "The Handy Things Company," advertises an ice-cream freezer, "The Easy." A fresh Anglicism introduced lately created little short of a literary tumult in Rome. The short subway in the "Eternal City," a short passage under the Quirinal hill, was lately opened to the public, who promptly christened it, "il Tunnel." Patriotic indignation was awakened. "Tramway" had been accepted, but indignant professors and students besieged the Roman papers, demanding to know what had become of "traforo" or "galleria," good Italian words, and where this English madness was to end. Nevertheless, "il tunnel" thus far holds its own.

A writer to an important Roman paper recently published an article bearing the singular title, "At Flat," in which she described the meaning of "these two mysterious syllables, among the less familiar of those English phrases relating to domestic life, such as 'home,' 'comfortable,' 'cozy,' 'luncheon,' 'five o'clock tea,' and the like."

"At flat," she explained to mean living "a piatto," like certain trimmings placed "a piatto" upon a gown, and she discovered the term to have a deep psychological significance, implying a mode of existence in strata, which English people delighted in.

English is invading the schools, also; one continental college now allots five hours, where formerly it allotted two hours' work, to English and German.

Tourist—My friend Jenkins died here some months ago, you say. What of it? Alkali Ike—Waal, I reckon ye might call it heart trouble. Tourist—Heart trouble? Alkali Ike—Yes, it was a royal flush of hearts that he showed down against Bad Bill's four aces.—Philadelphia "Press."

## Lady Gay's Column

What Do You Think? Es lebe das Leben. Feine Ways.

"WHAT do you think of the divorce question?" enquires a woman in a letter full of questions and funny comment. You have to ask further back, if you please, my friend. Ask me what I think of any solemn obligation in the fulfilling of which my honor is concerned. Ask me whether I am a being of moods and passions, impatient, exacting, wilful or vain; ask me if my heart is strong and my soul inspired by high and pure ideals; ask me if duty has its proper significance in my vocabulary, and if personal dignity and worth are shared with kind feeling and sympathy, and sometimes comprehension of the failings of others as well as of my own. Ask me if home means anything to me, if I've been taught and trained to believe that it's worth while making the best of things, for there's always hope they will repay one; if by precept and example I've been shown that a sacred promise is unbreakable, and that no matter who comes short of it, or in what connection, my oath is still before me! After you've asked me these and a few more questions, you won't ask me perhaps so jauntily what I think of divorce. But we must each think our own thoughts and act upon them, so that your thoughts on divorce are not under my control, and I don't even say they are not as good as mine. It has been suggested in a thoughtful article in a high-class New York magazine that a stricter supervision of marriages might lessen the frailty of the tie. We are what is called across the line "old-fashioned" in our more careful and serious contemplation of the joining of two lives, which is, in the crude set which makes the most noise in the Republic, discussed with a lightness and badinage which screams of vulgarity. We have still our feet on the necks of these vulgarities, and no doubt the sorry tale of married bondage, the easy breaking away from irksome fetters and the disclosures of tragedies which involve the degradation of every standard of dignity and purity of life will warn our young folks that the light and easy methods are dangerous. What do I think of divorce? Just the same as I do of amputation. Now do you understand?

A very amusing game made hilarious hours the other night. It was simply a competition of rhyming on the names of the company. I wish I might quote you a few of the darning couplets, quatrains and more extended "Limericks" which the clever people of the party composed. Each took his next neighbor's name either as a rhyme, a pun, or a subject. Sometimes the result was so true and so pitiless that a gasp struggled with the shout of mirth which good-fellowship demanded. Try the game some time when you are with smart and amiable people and you'll have fun. Just to show that there was no hard feeling I'll tell you a rough one on me. The man and I aren't speaking just now (his telephone is busy, but Central says she'll get it as soon as she can!) He wrote:

"Dear Lady Gay! you charm me so;  
And how do you fit I don't know.  
You're neither witty, wise nor fair,  
And yet your smiles I joy to share.  
I'm growing old, perhaps I bore you,  
If I were younger I'd adore you!"

I am afraid I gave it him rather nastily in return, but, then, he was hard on me.

"Old friend, your honey and your gall  
On my conceit too heavy fall.  
Since you are deaf and dull and blind,  
How could I charm you awayward mind?  
How thankful should be I to see  
That you were born so long ago!"

With what is your life flavored? I have a fancy that I can smell people's lives! There is a subtle fragrance, evanescent, exquisite but permeating, the fragrance of good works, and there is a piquante, exhilarating, pungent fragrance of keen thinking and ascetic living, and there is a rich, full fragrance of a life of loving and being loved, and a thin, aromatic fragrance of the single woman, a shrine without a worshipper, and there is a patchouli smell, of selfish materialism, egotism, grossness. Did you not ever instinctively shrink from the smell of a life like that? And there are smells that one does not classify, only holds one's nose! I actually never see one person I know that I don't smell onions. It means such an aggressively vulgar life, you know. There is a life which smells of delicate tobacco smoke, a refined, sporty and sometimes studious life, and there is a coarser odor of tobacco, just faintly touched with honey-scent, the smell of the boisterous, God pity him, for I don't believe I could! And there are lives that smell of face-powder, orris and lilac, the artificial made-up lives, that need so much of patience to endure, when one has to be of them for a season. I think I should like someone to smell my life, cock a knowing eye and say, "Mint!" the cleanest smell on earth, I think.

One day the black cat came to the house, a thin, nervous black cat, with very beautiful pale green eyes. A black cat, as you know, is luck, and there was luck until the new baby came and the young mother ceased to pet the now sleek and stately black cat. Once she found the black cat in the doll's bed, where the new baby slept under wings of gold holding filmy white lace clouds. She cried out at the black cat and chased him from the room. His pale green eyes narrowed and gleamed, and he gave an angry snarl and spit, and betook himself to the best chair in the drawing-room, a satin and lace chair, mind you, and he sat there for a long time, and he but six months ago a lank pariah in the lane. After that he was often about the door of the nursery, but he did not go in. He heard the young mother tell the nurse to keep that nasty cat out of the room, and his tail waved in deep curves and his eyes narrowed, and the spirit of the cat demon, always slumbering, awoke and inspired him. One day nurse put the baby into the doll's bed and went to the far window to read "The Fate of Zenella," a penny dreadful she had bought of a peddler. The black cat stole quietly into the room and leapt into the baby's bed and curled himself

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*Dorothy Dodd*

## Stunning Neckwear Novelties

The whole neckwear showing in our Lace section is completeness itself, but what we have to say just now relates particularly to turnover collars; of these dainty things we have a fascinating collection, commencing with the fine white lawn kinds, which are prettily embroidered, at 10c. and 20c. each; then the dainty sheer Irish linen lawn kinds, embroidered, also with Medici and Irish point lace at 35c. and 50c. each; then there's a lovely assortment of colored linen collars, embroidered and in silk with embroidery in Persian effects; also black and white, and all the new colorings, each, 25c. and..... .35

## Beautiful Dress Trimmings

The Trimming section is one of the most interesting spots in the store these days; no scarcity of assortment there, neither in the new drop ornaments, the new braids or the new buttons, and then the stylish trimmings are perfectly stunning; Persian Bands, embroidered on linen, in all the newest effects and colorings, for trimming wash materials, 60c. yard; then the fancy Persian and Oriental effects for coat and dress trimmings, 60c. to \$3.50 yard, and Fancy Chiffon Applique, black, white and colors, sectional or scroll designs, 50c. to \$5.00 yard; Tassels and Drop Ornaments, black or white, in silk, 25c. each; fancy effects, each, 50c.; large ornaments, each, 60c. to..... .2.00

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over the baby's face and took a nice nap for about ten minutes. Then, never looking to right nor left, he leapt down noiselessly and left the nursery. Presently he heard a wild yell from the nurse, and as he lay down comfortably on the satin and lace chair his tail waved slowly and his eyes narrowed, and he purred sweetly till he fell asleep. It was quite a week before he went into the nursery again. The room was very still, and the little girl bed was empty. For the third time the black cat leapt into it and curled himself to sleep. The young mother, in trailing garments as black as the cat, crept into the room, and to the little bed. She sank on her knees and covered her face with her hands. The black cat sat up and reaching out a paw touched her softly, uttering a plaintive mew, and then licked her finger. "Poor old pussy," sobbed the mother, gathering him in her arms and laying her damp cheek on his soft side, "I believe you know about baby! Are you sorry too, pussy? Do you miss the angel boy?" And the black cat purred gently into her ear and soothed her, and his tail waved in great, pleasant, graceful curves, and his pale green eyes looked more inscrutable than ever, as the mother folded him. Did he know? What do not black cats know? And are they not nice things to have about?

LADY GAY.

## On the Sands of Life—A Fable.

There were once two Children—a Boy and a Girl—playing together on the Sands of Life. For many days they were happy and content, but finally the Boy grew weary of their simple games and looked longingly farther up the beach to a spot where both had been forbidden to go—to a Quicksand called Passion.

At first the Girl drew back, refusing to leave their old playground; but when the Boy pouted and declared he would find a new playmate, she reluctantly took his hand and went with him.

Across this Quicksand stretched a very

## Feminine Frailty.

"My dear Gertrude, how glad I am to see you! Do you lunch here often? I come quite frequently. Fascinating, isn't it? I love the music; it is so weird, so deliciously barbaric. We will sit here and eat together. Waiter, bring me a salad, French dressing—see that the oil is very fresh!—and wafers and tea. Gertrude, dear, I always lunch so lightly; I have really little appetite; shopping is so fatiguing. Just the salad, waiter, and a pot of tea. Why, here comes Jimmie Gray! They say he is engaged to Mrs. Kidd, the grass widow. I don't believe it. Hello, Jimmie! How do you do? What a pleasure to see you! Gertrude, you and Mr. Gray are old friends, aren't you? May you lunch with us, Jimmie? Certainly. We were just about to give our order; you are quite in time. Waiter, blue points and then consommé. I hope they have a decent entree to-day. Yes, Jimmie will have sauteurs with the lunch. You know my old favorite. Waiter, we will give you the rest of our order when you bring the oysters. I am delighted to see you, Jim! Please tell me all of the news!"—Town Topics.

## Bob Burdette to Young Men.

Remember, son, that the world is older than you are by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better young men than yourself that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows; that when they died the old globe went whirling on, and the new man in ten millions went to the funeral. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do. Remember the reply of Dr. Wayland, to the student of Brown University, who said it was an easy enough thing to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote. "Make a few," tersely replied the old man. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young men have for it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him; they cost more money,

## TO WORKING GIRLS



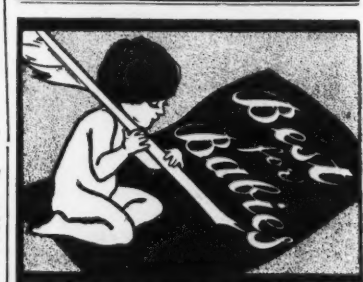
## FREE MEDICAL ADVICE

Every working girl who is not well is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice; it is freely given, and has restored thousands to health.

## Miss Paine's Experience.

"I want to thank you for what you have done for me, and recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all girls whose work keeps them standing on their feet in the store. The doctor said I must stop work; he did not seem to realize that a girl cannot afford to stop working. My back ached, my appetite was poor, I could not sleep, and menstruation was scanty and very painful. One day when suffering I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and found that it helped me. I continued its use, and soon found that my menstrual periods were free from pain and natural; everyone is surprised at the change in me, and I am well, and cannot be too grateful for what you have done for me."—Miss JANET PAINE, 530 West 125th St., New York City. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Take no substitute, for it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that cures.



The best and safest way to keep Baby's skin healthy is to use only **BABY'S OWN SOAP**

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Here and there is a grocer who doesn't sell Windsor Salt, but such cases are rare. No grocer anywhere can possibly buy a better salt than "Windsor," in its great purity, whiteness, dryness. Ask your grocer why he doesn't sell it.

**Salt**

Best grocers sell it

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## The Meanest Man.

Gringo Pete of Perro Blanco.

It recalls that you ask me a while ago about the meanest man I ever met durin' my travels on the desert. Well, pardner, I meet so many mean men along the trail I follers all these forty years, an' I views so many specimens of refined orn'iness that I shore finds it a hard thing to specify the chief malefactor of the herd. But if you was to set all the citizens of Perro Blanco to votin' on the subject, you can bet your life Gringo Pete would win the title by a mile.

Perro Blanco's a little mining town on the edge of the Mojave Desert. They's nothin' much there beyond seven saloons and a boardin'-house, and the stage stable with its big corral. It ain't a big place, but it makes up in excitement what it lacks in size. There's never any ongwec in Perro Blanco. A man knows he's livin' every minute that he's a resident of the enterprisin' town; and if he begins to act as though he was forgettin' of it, he's shot up a whole lot to make him more fervent in his appreciation of life in general.

Now it's been a fine, rainy winter, and we've all been busy as gophers placin' in the little foot-hills back of town. It's shore been a busy season, and we nacherly scoops the gold dust out of the ground. Gringo Pete strikes our camp early in the winter, and stays plumb through till spring. He takes a run back in the mountains occasional, but he never dwells none definite on them travels. He mentions that he has a rich claim back in the hills, but he don't locate 'em, and we has too good a savey of mining ethics to go delvin' into no mysteries of any gent in Perro Blanco. We concedes that he has a rich thing back there somewhere, and we lets it go at that. We're too busy, anyway, to take much interest in any visitin' gent's dreams of wealth.

It's late in the spring, or maybe early in the summer, and the water has nigh stopped runnin'. We've all come down from the diggin's and cashed in our dust for the season. Not a man that hasn't enough yaller metal to load a burro, figuratively speakin'. The camp fairly reeks with wealth, and the saloons is doin' a business that would make the ordinary man weep tears of happiness with the mere observin' it.

We'd most forgot Gringo Pete, for he'd been away for nearly three weeks; and then we had money to buy whisky with, so nacherly we ain't so homesick for him as we was. But one day Gringo Pete comes into camp—nobody knows where from—plumb loco with excitement. He gives it out that he's struck it rich. Reglar El Dorado. Quartz lead—that's goin' to make the Comstock look like a pile of slickin's after a rain. He wants to buy for the whole camp and turn the night into one long, glad hallelujah.

Now, bein' placer miners, we hasn't much use for hard-rock minin'; but we loves Gringo Pete, for we sudden remembers what he's done for us all durin' the thirsty season. So we fall in with this exultation of his, and prepares to drink to his success in a way that won't lower the reputation of Perro Blanco none in the eyes of the world as a town which can be depended on in a celebration.

So about dark Gringo Pete rolls out a cask of licker and taps the same. He gives it out cold that he's goin' to be all busted up in his feelin's if they's a drop left in the mornin'. Then the festivities begins. I don't know whether that snake pizen is extra strong or whether Gringo Pete doctors it some; but I tells you solemn that before midnight the whole population of Perro Blanco, from the bartender to the Red Butte stage-driver, is layin' out behind the saloon, plumb dead to the world. I may mention as I goes along that it's three days before we gets over the said slumber and comes back to earth again.

Then this yere Gringo Pete begins to show his cussedness. He goes out to the corral, selects two of the fastest broncos in the camp, and puts a sixty-dollar saddle on one, a pack-saddle on the other, and stampedes the rest miles away into the brush. Then he comes back to the scene of the celebration and proceeds to gather up every bit of wealth in the whole outfit. He don't miss nothin'. When he gets through prospectin' in the pockets and money-belts of his inebriated guests there ain't a dollar left in all Perro Blanco! Dutchy Gertner tells me private afterwards that Pete actually pries his mouth open and purloins the gold fillin' from his tooth. I ain't statin' that last as a fact. I mentions it merely as hearsay, and you takes it for what it's worth.

Well, after he has all our wealth in his saddle-bags Gringo Pete carefully collects all our guns and packs them aboard the second bronco. Then he writes a sardonic note and pins it on the saloon door. Which the same runs like this, if I remembers correct:

"Gringo Pete thanks Perro Blanco for assistin' him in makin' his second big strike! His heart is mighty heavy that they's goin' to be such a long trail between, but duty calls and her slave obeys!"

And the durn coyote signs his name in full!

Now, it's about sunrise the next mornin' in when Dave Soule comes ridin' into camp from Pinto Canyon. It seems that Gringo Pete plumb overlooks Dave in his calculations. Dave's the worst man in Perro Blanco, and we're proud of him. And when Dave Soule hits the town and reads that notice on the saloon door and then goes out behind the shack and views the slumberin' population of Perro Blanco, he shore is in a fightin' rage. Dave goes about among his fellow-citizens and kicks and curses them most capous; but he wastes his efforts, for no one wakes up to reward him for his arduous labors. Then Dave climbs aboard of his bronco, takes up Pete's trail, and tears away across the desert, cussin' and gnashin' his teeth a heap zealous. He puts it up to himself straight that he shore means to skin Gringo Pete alive and tack his hide up on the door of the boardin'-house before sunset. An', judgin' from Dave's general disposition, I still deems that he means just what he said.

It's maybe ten o'clock in the forenoon, and Dave has followed the trail to where it joins the railroad through Greasewood Canyon. Dave has made good time, for Gringo Pete leaves a trail a tenderfoot couldn't lose if he tried. It's easy to see he estimates that Perro Blanco is due to sleep for several days right along most assiduous, and he isn't aimin' to weary himself or his animals by no arduous hustlin'. Besides, he loves the desert,

and he rides along slow a-whistlin' to himself a Spanish dance and admirin' the beauties of nature a whole lot. But he ain't leavin' out no precautions; and all the while he's loiterin' along he's keepin' one eye on the San Berdo Mountains and the other rollin' back along the trail; for Gringo Pete's plenty foxy, and he don't figure on takin' no return trip to Perro Blanco—which community he bids farewell to with lots o' zest.

Well, as I'm sayin', this yere Dave Soule plunges into Greasewood Canyon, ridin' harder an' harder as the trail gets fresher, an' he feels himself gettin' madder an' madder. Suddenly, as he goes humpin' round a bend in the trail—ziff! a rope flicks out of the brush behind and snakes him out o' the saddle with a loop around his arms, and the bronk shoots ahead an' stops, while Dave hits the sand like a sack o' flour, and wonders, dazed like, what's the matter.

But he don't wonder long; for out steps Gringo Pete, smilin' an' gay as ever, an' holds a gun on Dave, while he cinches the rope good an' safe. Then Dave finds his tongue, an' the way he hands out brimstone an' sulphur to Gringo Pete shore makes me blush to talk about. But Pete ain't lettin' it disturb his serenity none. He's willin' to let the other feller cuss, so long as he has the winnin' hand for his share.

"Well, well, my old friend Dave!" says Gringo Pete, smilin' sort of injured like, "was you goin' to pass right by an' never speak? After all the drinks I buys for you, too?"

But Dave Soule don't have no relish for them little pleasantries. He grows more an' more profane, while Gringo goes through his pockets an' relieves him of everything of value. Then Pete ties Dave's hands good an' firm, loops the end of the riata through his belt, an' thinks a while. Presently he smiles again, as though he had a beautiful idea. He walks down the trail a little, and pretty soon comes back with another rope. He ties it to the end of the one that's looped in Dave's belt and throws it over the telegraph wire. Then he climbs aboard of Dave's horse, takes a half-hitch with the rope around the saddle-horn, digs the spurs into the skate, an' up Dave goes to the wire, where he hangs, all spraddled out like a big flying lizard, still cussin' an' foam'n' most fluent.

Gringo Pete laughs an' laughs, till he's so weak he can hardly set in his saddle. Then he starts up the bronk again an' rides round an' round the telegraph pole, till the rope is made good an' fast. Then he gets off, ties the end o' the same to the bottom of the pole, and stands off to admire his handiwork.

"Which I hangs you up in the breezes like a flag o' liberty!" grins Gringo Pete. "I'm shore proud o' my efforts, an' goes my way a-leavin' of the world to judge as to the merits of the same!" and with that he waves his hand to Dave Soule an' gallops off down the sandy trail on Dave's own horse, leavin' Dave swayin' graceful an' solitary in the air.

Along about three o'clock in the afternoon Dave ain't conscious any more. The sun's shinin' some fierce, an' it's shore roastin' poor Dave to a frazzle. His tongue's hangin' out, all black an' dry, an' they's a husky rattlin' in his throat. If Dave was awake, he'd undoubtedly appreciate a drink o' water.

Just about that time they's a freight train comes languishin' along through the desert with a load of ore. The train hands notice Dave danglin' in the atmosphere. At first they regards him casual like, for they nacherly infers he's the remnants o' some vigilance meetin'; but when they gets closer they notices that he's hanged by the waist, and not by the neck. This excites their curiosity some powerful; an' as they hasn't much to do that afternoon, they stops an' takes him down an' pursues some investigations a heap. They're surprised a lot when they find he's alive. So they rolls him aboard the emboose an' toots ahead.

In an hour or so Dave comes to sufficient to know what's happened, an' to try to make the train hands understand by signs what's the matter. But he can't talk yet, an' the railroad men ain't none wise on the sign language. Besides, they one an' all plays him for a hoss-thief; so they takes him on to Los Angeles and domiciles him in the city jail.

We're all a heap mixed on dates; but as near as we are able to figure it out, it's four days after them festivities—when we celebrates Gringo Pete's lucky strike—that Dave Soule comes wobblin' into Perro Blanco. His eyes is blacked and two front teeth is gone. He's haggard, an' unkempt, an' scratched up like he's been in a cat-fight. We heaves a mutual an' unanimous sigh, for we has a hunch that they's some more calamity to be unfolded—an' we're dead right.

Dave Soule relates in a mournful voice how they keeps him in prison for a while, but not bein' able to prove nothin' again him, they turns him loose with the warnin' never to do it again. Dave hasn't any money; so he tries to beat his way back to the desert, ridin' in a box-car. He succeeds elegant till he gets to Coyote Wells, when a brakeman that's bigger than him comes along an' mauls him up some joyous an' kicks Dave out of the car an' into a cactus patch, while the train rolls merrily on an' disappears in the night, with a red light winkin' back sardonic at poor Dave, who limps ahead, too bad whipped to even cuss. But after hikin' for a day an' a half, he reaches Perro Blanco, only to find they ain't a drop of licker within eighty miles.

While he's tellin' these melancholy stories we hears a whiney, an' up to the corral drags Dave Soule's bronco—gaunt and lank, and half-starved lookin'. Dave goes out an' rounds him up, sort o' apathetic; and twisted in the old skate's tail he finds this message:

"Dear Dave—I regrets to inform you that your bronk can't stand the strenuous life of a buccaneer; so I turns him loose to bear my respects back to Perro Blanco, together with the hope that you all never forgets Gringo Pete's lucky strike an' Perro Blanco's celebration of the same!"

"Gringo Pete."

Dave hands the note around, an' merely sighs soggily. We all reads, but nobody says anything. Gringo Pete's across the line into Old Mexico long ago; and besides we're all plumb whipped, an' they's no fight left in camp.

An' this is the particular epoch to which I refers when I starts unfoldin' these yere retrospections when Perro Blanco rises up an' all unanimous votes Gringo Pete the orn'riest man that ever crossed that trail. And lookin' at it from the pint of view of a man who has seen a heap of men since then, I sees no reason for disapprovin' of the verdict.

—Lowell Otus Reese in "Argonaut."



"My uncle died yesterday, sir, and I want you to officiate. Can you say something nice about him?"  
"But I didn't know him."  
"Good! You're just the man."—New York "Life."

## Looked Long, Found at Last.

A. W. Holman Used Dodd's Kidney Pills for Diabetes.

And the Dreaded Kidney Disease Speedily Vanished—His Statement to the Public.

Toronto, March 30.—(Special.)—One of the most dreaded and dangerous forms of Kidney Disease is Diabetes. With its sense of weight and acute pain in the loins, bleeding of the gums, swelling of the feet and ankles, emaciation and weakness, and its other painful and disagreeable accompaniments, it is held almost in horror by those who have been unfortunate enough to make its acquaintance, and every evidence of a complete and reliable cure is hailed with delight by all classes of society.

For this reason the statement of A. W. Holman of 1931-2 Mutual street, Toronto, is of peculiar interest. Mr. Holman says:

"I have been troubled with Diabetes for years and I have tried all kinds of medicines, but it was of no use. My attention was called to an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I determined to try them. From the first box I got relief, and after using six boxes I am in a position to say that I am completely cured. I highly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all who may suffer as I have done."

Diabetes is a Kidney Disease pure and simple. Dodd's Kidney Pills unfailingly cure all diseases of the Kidneys.

## A Starlight Night.

See, the first faint stars are twinkling  
In the vault of heaven's dome;  
Here a new one—there another—  
Peeping from a distant home.

Far away we watch each beacon  
Flicker like a distant light  
Lit by woman's dainty fingers  
In some lone farm-house at night.

Or, are they our guardian angels,  
Gazing down with eyes of fire?  
Or, is each the golden glitter  
Of some far celestial spire?

Note that lone one, calmly gazing.  
Seems as if to close her eyes  
While hazy tinted strands of gold  
Form lashes drooping from the sky.

Stars may be the souls of angels  
In that dear and distant land,  
Beckoning us to come and join their  
Glist'ning grains of golden sand.

Let us fancy each bright star is  
Some pure soul enshrined on high,  
Th' spirit of some dear departed,  
Jewelled in brilliance in the sky.

See that "fading star" shoot earthward,  
With a fiery glancing leap,  
'Tis to kiss some weary eyelids  
Down in deep and lasting sleep.

Soon we may with golden splendor  
Flash our message of delight;  
Soon we, too, may join the fairy  
Starry dances of the night.

—F. Bruce Carey.

## The Development of American Opera.

IN advocating the encouragement of American operatic composers, writes Joseph Sohn in "Forum," I do not by any means wish to imply that subjects taken from American life are to be chosen, or that a new style, essentially American, is to be evolved. As before stated, the development of art does not lie in the direction of nationalism. Even in Russia, where it is the logical policy of the Government to promote a distinctively national art which shall draw its material from Muscovite history, and where, for several other reasons also, such encouragement finds a certain justification, the composers are by no means confining themselves to these subjects—as demonstrated, for example, by Napravnik in his successful opera, "Francesca da Rimini." The chief fact to be borne in mind is that native composers have an opportunity to obtain a hearing for their works; and, with the establishment of a permanent, well-organized operatic company in New York, American musicians also may become more hopeful. It may well be then that Wagner's prophecy to the effect that his successor would come from America will be fulfilled, and that we shall some day have a product not merely cosmopolitan, but universal, and fundamentally human in the Wagnerian sense.

Those who are either forever "looking backward," or merely contemplating art in the light of present political and social conditions, confidently declare that the Anglo-Saxon race is incapable of producing a musical genius of the first order—a statement frequently accepted as self-evident, although it is but a mischievous half truth. The fact is that

the signification of the term "musical" has undergone considerable modification. The relation between music and poetry has during the last three generations become closer and closer. Even in the so-called "romanticists," Schumann, Chopin and Mendelssohn, the poetic element is far more pronounced than is generally supposed. In the "Drama of the Future," finally, we have a complete union of the arts. True, in Wagner the emotional or musical element was the primal impulse; but by no means follows that those capable of infusing new life into the fabric created by him shall be similarly constituted. On the other hand, it should not be forgotten that the term "American" is very broad in its application. It does not include the Anglo-Saxon alone, but several millions of the descendants of those nations who contributed to the development of music when that art existed purely and simply for its own sake. There is consequently no reason whatever why we should not be rich in artistic material capable of development. The trouble is that this development has been wrong, and no influence more potent to effect a revolution in this regard can be suggested than an operative stage upon which masterpieces may be adequately performed so that their essential dramatic content may be fully grasped, not only by the public at large, but by the ambitious student desirous of obtaining light. Why should we not make a beginning in this city?

## Manners For Musical At Homes.

DON'T blunder about among the music stands—things admirably contrived for tripping up the unwary. Should you get entangled with one, however, and in such a way as to bring yourself and it crashing down into the performer's violoncello, leave all vituperative display to the owner of the instrument.

Don't, when singing, if you are standing behind the accompanist, keep hold of his ears all the time, and seek to indicate your wishes by tugs and jerks. It distracts his attention from the copy.

Don't, during a lullaby or plaintive ballad, get up a fierce battle between Fido and the cat, and never seek to divert the company by bring paper pellets into the singer's mouth.

Don't, if your emotions are appealed to by some pathetic little trifle, bellow or give way to violent grief. If you cannot stifle your sobs by burying your face

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in the rug, leave the room until you have recovered self-control.

Don't be grumpy and sit brooding in a corner all the evening because your hostess does not ask you for a song. Her omission may not arise from the thought that you cannot sing, but from the knowledge that you do.

Don't, if you know a good anecdote, put it forth during a piano solo—the pianist may like to hear it, too. Wait patiently until peace reigns over the assembly. If your anecdote is a poor one, continue waiting.

Don't be outlandish in your musical tastes. A good pianist when invited out, if you favor the accordion, pandean pipes, or double bassoon, is to leave your instrument at home. A long list, in fact, could be compiled of instruments which should nearly always be left at home.

My final "don'ts" are levelled at late comers and early leavers. To the former I would say, don't, while a song is being executed, burst noisily into the room and insist then and there upon shaking hands with your hostess. In cases where she herself is the soloist, you will put her off her stroke, and even if she has the presence of mind to sing her words of greeting, it is twenty to one if they make rhyme or reason with the context of the poem.

To early leavers I would offer similar advice and say, don't flounder away in the middle of a musical item. Where you have failed to escape before its commencement, exercise a giant control until the final chords bring release. To seek escape by the window is cow-

ardly, save where the music-room is not on the ground floor—then it is foolhardy. —"Punch."

## A Progressive Conundrum.

They were asking conundrums in the commercial room the other evening when a previously silent young man put in his spoke.

"I've got one," he said.

"What is it?" asked the crowd.

"Why is heaven like a baby?"

They wrestled with it for ten minutes and gave it up.

"Because heaven is home, home is where the heart is, where the heart is the chest, a chest is a box, a box is a small tree, a small tree is a bush, a bush is a growing plant, a growing plant is a beautiful thing, a beautiful thing is the primrose, the primrose is a pronounced yellor, and a pronounced yellor is a baby."

After which he once more relapsed into silence.





"**A**NGLICAN," Barrie, calls my attention to the fact that in the articles on church music in Toronto, recently concluded in "Saturday Night," the term "surplised choir" was incorrectly used, and contends that the proper description is "vested choir." The correspondent is undoubtedly right, and the term "surplised choir" was employed simply because the articles were intended for the general public, who might not perhaps have understood exactly what "vested choir" meant. It may be as well to correct the impression made in some quarters that the "vested choir" is an adoption of ritualistic practices. The vested choir is an old institution in the Church of England, and the singers have always been placed in the chancel. The Roman Catholic churches, with very few exceptions, do not have vested choirs.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who is to be the principal conductor of the Cycle of Music Festivals organized by Mr. Charles A. E. Harris, is now in Canada, and by the time this issue of "Saturday Night" reaches its readers will have had some practical experience of the efficiency and quality of Canadian choruses. The Toronto Festival will take place in Massey Hall on the 10th, 17th and 18th, and will consist of three evening concerts and a matinee. The initial event is entitled "Mackenzie Night," and will be devoted entirely to the compositions of Sir Alexander. The programme includes the "Coronation March," dedicated to the King and performed at the coronation service at Westminster Abbey; the "Thanksgiving Song for Peace, June 1, 1902," the "Burns' Scottish Rhapsody No. 2," all of which will be played by the Chicago Rosenbaker Orchestra of fifty musicians; three of Shakespeare's sonnets, to be sung by Mr. Reginald Davidson, and the "Dream of Jubal" for soprano and tenor solo voices, Toronto Festival chorus and orchestra. The reciter in "The Dream of Jubal" will be Mr. Charles Fry, who created the part at the festival performances of the work in Great Britain. The second concert of Friday evening will be taken up with Sullivan's "Golden Legend," a work familiar to Toronto; Mackenzie's orchestral suite, "London, Day By Day," and Dr. Villiers Stanford's ballad, "The Battle of the Battle." The chorus will be the Toronto Festival, under the direction of Dr. T. H. Davidson. The third concert will be of a miscellaneous character, and will include F. Corde's overture, "Prospero," the "Ballade" from F. Cliffe's "Symphony in C minor," Stanford's "Irish Rhapsody, No. 1," F. H. Cowen's "Scandinavian" symphony, and Mackenzie's overture, "The Cricket on the Hearth." Saturday evening will be "National Night," and the chorus will be of 300 voices, under the direction of Dr. Ham. The principal work will be Dr. Elgar's ballad for chorus and orchestra and soprano solo, "The Banner of St. George," in which Miss Blayvelt will be the soloist. Hamish McCunn's overture, "The Land of the Mountain and the Flood," will be introduced, and other numbers will be the introduction to the "Coronation Mass" of Mr. Charles A. E. Harris, Mackenzie's "Cotter's Saturday Night" for chorus and orchestra, Mackenzie's nautical overture, "Britannia," Cowen's "Country Dances," the "Scherzo" from Stanford's "Irish Symphony," and several vocal excerpts. The solo vocalists at the four concerts, in addition to those already mentioned, will be Miss Blayvelt, Miss Borden, Miss Elhel Wood, London, soprano; Wilfrid Virgo, tenor, and Watkin Mills, bass. The guarantee list for the Toronto Festival now amounts to \$40,000, and it is said that the subscribers' list is very large. The Festival will give music-lovers of the city a full and splendid opportunity of becoming acquainted with the present position of British musical composition and creative activity.

The choir of Wesley Methodist Church, corner Dundas street and Ossington avenue, will give a service of praise on Tuesday evening, the 7th inst., under the direction of the organist of the church, Mr. George D. Atkinson. Assistance will be rendered by Miss Dora L. McMurtry, soprano; Mr. H. Ruthven Macdonald, baritone; Mr. S. J. Douglas, cornettist, and Miss Carlotta J. Wickson, a talented organ pupil of Mr. Atkinson.

On Good Friday night "Nain," a sacred cantata, will be given by the choir at Parkdale Methodist Church, under the direction of Mr. A. B. J. J. This composition is written for tenor (the Christ), soprano (the Magdalene) and chorus. These will be sung by Mr. J. H. Alexander and Mrs. A. B. J. and the choir of fifty voices. The music is full of melody and is a delightful work. Miss Laura G. Shildrick will sing Allister's "The Lord Is My Light" in a short preliminary programme.

Mr. A. S. Vogt, it seems, was profoundly impressed with Dr. Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," which he heard at the first performance in America on Monday last in Chicago by the Apollo Club, assisted by the Thomas Orchestra of eighty-two musicians. On the following Thursday the work was given in New York by the Oratorio Society before an exceptionally large audience, and was received with unmistakable demonstrations of great appreciation. The newspaper criticisms are, with one exception, highly eulogistic, and the leading men, Messrs. Krehbiel and Henderson, are of opinion that the work stamps Elgar as the greatest British composer of the day. I shall, however, quote from the notice of Richard Aldrich in the New York "Times" as lending itself more readily to excerpts. He says: "The 'Dream of Gerontius' shows a vital power, a soaring imagination, a fervor of religious exaltation, a dramatic impulse, a command of the resources of choral and orchestral writing, that put it far above any other piece of music brought forward in England for generations, and that have conquered acceptance for it wherever it has become known, in Germany as well as in

England, and now here. . . . Elgar has put into 'The Dream' precisely the qualities that have been lacking in the modern oratorio, an intense religious exaltation and sincerity, expressed in the musical language of to-day and utilizing all the modern resources of musical effect, which he commands with such unerring skill. He has shown that when it is endowed with such qualities, and is no longer a machine-made product of the schools, the oratorio is still potent to command the attention of the musical public." The chorus of praise that "The Dream of Gerontius" has won from representative critics of Germany, England, and now of New York and Chicago, has been so unanimous that it is only reasonable to come to the conclusion that the work must be specially great, and specially impressive. Perhaps we may hear it for ourselves in Toronto in the near future, and there are many significant hints made that Mr. Vogt and his Mendelssohn Choir would be able to produce it with distinction.

Miss Laura Gertrude Shildrick, contralto soloist of the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, was most enthusiastically received at the recital in the First Methodist Church, London, on Saturday, March 21. The "Free Press" of that city said: "Miss Shildrick repeated the success of her first appearance at the Morning Musical Club. Her selections on Saturday were very heavy, but, notwithstanding this, she gave them a finished rendering. In tone quality, flexibility and enunciation this young lady has gifts to be envied. 'The Lord Is My Light' was probably most enjoyed, as in this the full power of her magnificent voice was used to advantage."

The Misses Nellie S. Gausby, Mildred Pett, Myrtle Corcoran and Anna C. Jeffrey, piano pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, assisted by Miss Cecelia J. Mitchell, a vocal pupil of Mr. L. Sajoos, gave a recital last Saturday afternoon in the Nordheimer concert hall. A large, fashionable and extremely appreciative audience was present, whose interest was amply justified by the charming programme and the manner of its presentation. From first to last it was a thorough exemplification of good music and interpretation.

Last Saturday afternoon at the Toronto College of Music a recital was given by Miss Mary Robertson, pianist, of Harrison, a pupil of Mr. Frank S. Welsman. Miss Robertson gave a skilful rendering of the following numbers: Chopin, Nocturne, F sharp major; Beethoven, "Andante in F"; Liszt, "Liebestraum," No. 3; Rubinstein, "Kamenoi Ostrov." The programme closed with Mendelssohn's "Capriccio Brillant," the orchestral accompaniment on second piano being played by Mr. Welsman. Careful training was in evidence throughout the programme, Miss Robertson doing herself and teacher much credit. Miss Robertson was assisted by Miss Nellie Van Camp, vocalist, pupil of Mr. J. Richardson, who sang Denza's "May Morning" and Mattei's "Carita" with taste and expression.

A song recital was given at the Toronto Junction College of Music on Thursday night last week by pupils of Mr. Arthur Blight, principal of the vocal department, when the concert hall was crowded to the doors. Miss Macmillan, directress of the college, gives large measure of praise to Mr. Blight for building up the vocal department of the school to its present enviable position. The enunciation of the different singers was admirable, and this, coupled with the fact that they sang with ease, added to the enjoyment of the listeners. Mr. Blight has a number of talented pupils, who are unanimous in ascribing their success to his methods. So many of the singers appeared to such good advantage that it would take up too much space to give individual praise. Those giving the programme were Misses Davis, Christina Davidson, Annie B. Borden, Alice Borden, Mabel Bingham, Messrs. Frederick Whyte, John Maywood, James Milne, Joseph Twigg and Fred Curtis. Miss Dorothea Davis played the accompaniments with skill and judgment. Her ability to transpose anything at sight has brought her into prominent notice in this capacity. Miss Jessie Hill acted as solo pianist and sustained her reputation as a skilled performer.

Mr. David Ross has been engaged to sing with the Symphony Orchestra, Windsor Hall, Montreal, on Good Friday afternoon, and also to sing the baritone part at the initial performance of "Hagar," a new cantata by C. E. Wheeler, at London on the 20th inst.

The committee of the Mendelssohn Choir held its annual business meeting on Saturday evening of last week, when it was decided to arrange a plan of work for next season, which will surpass in comprehensiveness and attraction anything ever attempted by the organization. The chorus will be reorganized, and the membership, if it is found that the present high standard of efficiency can be maintained with a larger number of singers. The works to be produced next season will be determined upon as soon as the committee decide which of the great American orchestras will be engaged. Mr. Vogt, the conductor of the choir, goes to Boston on Monday to attend the special performance of Bach's famous Mass in B minor by the Cecilia Society and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is no secret that Mr. Vogt is on a voyage of discovery, and the result of his observations of musical conditions in the leading cities of the United States will have an important bearing upon the work of his choir in Toronto.

Miss Laura G. Shildrick, one of the soloists of the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church choir, held an invitation recital in the theater of the Normal School on Tuesday evening, and gave a varied and most attractive programme before an appreciative audience that filled the auditorium. Miss Shildrick, who is a pupil of Mrs. A. J. J. has a rich colored and very mellow mezzo-contralto, which she has under skilful control. Her numbers included songs by Grieg, Elgar, Kjerulf, Mendelssohn, Sullivan, Dudley Buck, Tosti and Allister. In all of these she sang with frank but unstrained expression, and with a very agreeable smoothness of style and method. She was assisted by Mr. H. S. Saunders, violinist, who contributed several solos

in his usual thoughtful interpretative style and with a good singing tone and neat technique.

The youngest of our vocal societies, the People's Choral Union, made a distinctly favorable impression on their first essay before the public at Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week. The Union was founded by Mr. H. M. Fletcher, the conductor, in September last, with the object of giving instruction in choral singing to the large class of people with musical taste who are not reached by such organizations as the Mendelssohn Choir and the Festival Chorus, to be members of which requires some previous ability to sing at sight and a certain amount of training in music. In other words, the Choral Union is "assigned to teach men and women the elementary principles of singing. They demand no examination, and an applicant need not know a note of music. The membership is about eight hundred, and at the concert under notice about one-half of these were mustered on the platform. The membership fee is fixed at ten cents, a rehearsal night, which covers cost of music, rent of hall and incidental expenses. Making a sympathetic allowance for the material of which the chorus was composed, one is glad to record that the result as shown at the performance was most encouraging and exceedingly creditable. The singers not only gave songs in the homophonic style with good intonation, a sonorous tone and fair shading, but also acquitted themselves creditably in music that may be termed polyphonic, or with independent parts. Their most successful effort, especially in regard to the dynamic effects, was in Parker's "Jerusalem," with baritone solo (Mr. A. E. Young) and piano, organ and cornet accompaniment. The constantly-increasing power of sound until the close was reached was excellently graduated, and there was a surprising freedom from that harshness on the climax which one hears so often from choruses of limited experience. A felicitous number was an old English hunting song in form of a catch, the imitative difficulties of which were surmounted without hitch. Vogt's setting of "John Anderson, My Joe," was a sweet illustration of unaccompanied singing, and in Beethoven's part-song, "The Glory of God in Nature," evident care had been taken in studying the light and shade effects. The Union was assisted by the Park Sisters of New York, cornettists, who contributed several special numbers of their own, besides joining in the ensemble of "Jerusalem" and Kremer's "Hymn of Thanks," whose co-operation was much appreciated, and Mr. Owen Smiley, entertainer, who recited with his accustomed success a poem entitled "Friend or Foe," written by himself, with humming accompaniment by the chorus, and his amusing sketch, "Some Musical Breaks," Mr. Fletcher conducted the chorus in an unostentatious manner, but with careful and effective oversight of his singers.

Miss Ada Crossley, the Australian contralto, is a charming singer, with a very beautiful voice, and her second appearance in Toronto on Monday night last at Massey Hall in joint recital with Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, Toronto's solo pianist, was welcomed by a large and appreciative audience. Miss Crossley is not an Albion, the famous contralto of the last century, nor has she so large a voice as Clara Butt, but she has a warm colored voice that is even and satisfying almost throughout its whole compass, and she sings everything with exquisite finish and intellectual judgment.

She has no uncouth breaks in her voice like Scatchi or Schumann-Heink, and consequently her singing is more pleasing to fastidious musicians than that of either of those artists. She gave on this occasion an extended selection of thirteen numbers, by Cesti, Giordani, Tschai-kowski, Richard Strauss, Reynaldo Hahn, Burgert, Brahms, Wilhelmy, Martini, Nevin, Rogers and Malinson. Miss Crossley may be said to be most successful in compositions of a medium range of emotion. In light work she is not specially felicitous, and she cannot be called a dramatic singer. But in such numbers as Tschai-kowski's "Nur wer die Sehnsucht," or in the songs by the old Italian composers, she is at her best. Her temperament does not touch extremes, and it is for this reason perhaps that she will be always more successful in concert room music than in opera or music of perverted expression. The Tschai-kowski number was beautifully sung, with delightful smoothness, color of voice and finished phrasing, and the two songs by Cesti and Giordani were examples of equally finished delivery and lovely vocal tone. In Wilhelmy's charming "A Garden Song" she was happy in conveying the atmosphere of the poem, and her singing of Purcell's "Hark the Echoing Air" was bright and vivacious, as well as technically neat and clear. Mr. Tripp played Bach's "Tocatta and Fugue," as arranged by Tausig, with admirable executive clarity, and later in the evening Beethoven's "Andante in F," two studies by Chopin, Rubinstein's "Barcarolle," Moszkowski's brilliant valse in E major, Schumann's "Nachstück," and the Liszt transcription of the Paganini "La Campanella," all of which he rendered with well contrasted style and with fine virtuosity, especially the "Campanella." Mrs. Blight played the accompaniments with her characteristic taste and judgment.

CHERUBINO.

Too Exacting.

"Miss Isabel," began the youth nervously, "can you play the mandolin?" "No," replied the maiden. "I never tried to learn it." "Ping pong?" "I detest ping pong." "Can you do any fancy needlework?" "Not a bit. Fancy needlework is a trade." "Are you a stamp collector?" "I have no fads, Mr. Spoonmore." "You—pardon me—can you cook?" "Oh, yes. I can do almost any kind of cooking." "Bread, for instance?" "My bread has taken the prize at more than one exhibition." "Can you—can you darn stockings?" "I can." "Sew on buttons?" "To be sure." "Miss Isabel," said the young man, "will you marry me?" "I will not, Mr. Spoonmore. I am afraid I would not suit you. I can't

chop wood or dig up a garden. Our kitchen-maid Betty, though, would make an admirable wife for you. Shall I go and send her in?"

Wom'n Who Lived as Men.

In all countries and in all ages there have been women who lived as men without their secret being discovered. Perhaps the best-known instance is that of the celebrated James Barry. In the early part of the last century this person was actually serving as a doctor in the English army. While employed in this capacity she was stationed successively in South Africa, Malta and the West Indies. At Cape Town, on one occasion, she fought a duel with an officer who had taunted her with effeminacy! Authentic instances of women serving as soldiers, without their sex being known, are furnished by the official records of the American Civil War. Among the cases brought to light is that of Charlotte Lindley, who, as a private soldier, took part in the battles of Fort Magerand and Bull Run. Another woman, Frances Day by name, attained the rank of sergeant, and was killed in action.

The manager—Bully! We'd have real horses, a real brook, real hens and geese, and real hay. The author—And would you mind having real actors, too—"Life."

Mistress—So you want me to read this love-letter to you? Maid—If ye please, m'am. And I've brought ye some cotton-wool ye can stuff in yer ears while ye read it—"Punch."

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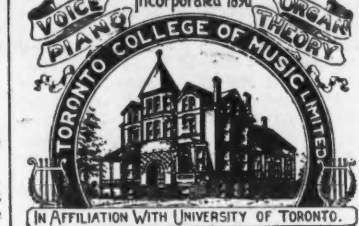
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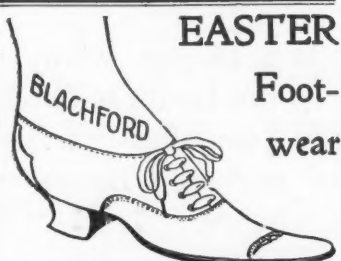
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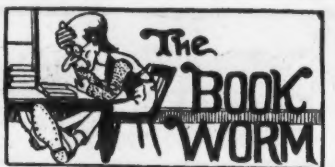
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**"SIR WILFRID LAURIER AND THE  
LIBERAL PARTY."** A Political History,  
by J. S. Willison. In two volumes. Vol.  
II. Toronto: George N. Morang and  
Company (Limited).  
In the second half of his valuable and  
timely treatise, Mr. Willison rather more  
than maintains the high standard of lit-  
erary style and historical scholarship  
noted in the first volume of the work.  
It must be borne in mind, as was pointed  
out in our review of volume I, that the  
author has set himself to produce some-  
thing more than a mere biography; he  
has essayed the elucidation of a period  
rather than a character, and in doing so  
he has naturally been compelled to go  
further afield than the writing of a for-  
mal life of Sir Wilfrid would have drawn  
him. But while it is true of the second  
volume, as of the first, that it deals  
primarily with movements, principles,  
policies and events, it is also true that  
in these pages the personality and char-  
acter of the present leader of the Liberal  
party fills a larger place and casts a  
longer shadow than in the preceding por-  
tion of the story.

The period covered by volume II. of  
"Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal  
Party" is from 1887 to the present. This  
is the period of Sir Wilfrid's elevation  
to the chief place in the councils of the  
party and his subsequent struggle for  
attainment of office and power; it is  
a period filled with great questions  
and crises, still fresh in the memory of  
almost the youngest reader. It embraces  
the concluding events of Sir John Mac-  
donald's long reign—the fisheries dispute,  
the commercial union and reciprocity agi-  
tations, the Jesuits estates settlement  
and subsequent "Equal Rights" move-  
ment—and later and more important  
still, the Manitoba School Question, that  
rock of offence on which the Tory ship  
came to grief; the preferential tariff,  
the dangerous issues raised in Canadian  
politics by the Boer war and its accom-  
panying world-wide wave of Imperialism  
—indeed, all the great problems which  
Canadian statesmanship has had to grapple  
with since the promotion of Mr.  
Laurier to the post left vacant by the  
eloquent but unsuccessful Blake.

Mr. Willison handles most of these  
questions in an admirable spirit of im-  
partiality and candor, not to say detach-  
ment. On some obscure passages of the  
record he throws illuminating sidelights,  
adjoining, or rather suggesting, facts  
which carry a wealth of significance for  
the average reader who has not hitherto  
been honored with the confidence of  
those in touch with caucus proceedings  
or possessing secrets of the council  
chamber. There is, of course, nothing  
in the volume which can be construed,  
by any stretch of reasoning, as a bet-  
rayal of party confidences; nevertheless  
Mr. Willison is enabled here and there to  
let a flood of light into dark places by a  
judicious use of information which could  
only come to one occupying his position  
as editor of the chief Liberal organ.

One of the many excellences of the  
work is, however, its marked elevation  
above the merely partisan point of view.  
The writer proves that he can be just to  
men and measures against whom he has  
had, in a different capacity, to practice a  
less charitable code of ethics. Not only  
can he be just—he can be kindly, sympa-  
thetic and magnanimous. It is indeed  
possessed at times by the feeling that Mr.  
Willison has written this work as much  
by way of reparation for journalistic in-  
justice to political foes as in tribute to  
his former friends and political patrons.  
To Sir John Macdonald, Sir John Thomp-  
son, Sir Charles Tupper and the other  
great chiefs of the Conservative party  
he is fair and generous. One of the first-  
est and most moving chapters in the  
second volume of the work is his descrip-  
tion of the personality and political  
methods, the failings, frailties and vir-  
tues of "John A." One feels that it is  
nothing less than a sincere expression of  
honest conviction and sentiment which  
impels the writer of "Sir Wilfrid Laurier  
and the Liberal Party" to declare:  
"The Conservatives in Parliament and in  
the constituencies loved Sir John Mac-  
donald; and few men who had ever fol-  
lowed him could withstand his personal  
appeal; he had won great victories for  
his party, he had led them to triumph  
again and again, and they were grateful  
and loyal to the end, and mourned for  
him as for one taken out from their  
very households. . . . He knew men  
to the core, and he could play upon their  
passions and prejudices as the master  
player upon the instrument he loves. . . .  
He had clear and definite ideals.  
He could face a popular clamor with sig-  
nal courage. . . . He was jealous for the  
dignity of Parliament, for the integrity  
of the bench, for the legislative  
independence and self-governing rights of  
Canada. . . . He was very human,  
conscious of his faults, happy in his suc-  
cesses and achievements, and upon the  
whole patient under attacks as savage  
and persistent as ever fell to the lot of  
any public man in Canada." Sir John  
Thompson Mr. Willison describes as a  
man who for sheer intellectual power  
has had few peers in the Canadian Par-  
liament, and "as great a lawyer as ever  
sat in the House of Commons." Of Sir  
Mackenzie Bowell, he says that "while  
history will say that he was an extreme  
partisan, and will refuse to rank him  
among the greater statesmen of the Cana-  
dian Confederation, it will not deny  
that he kept clean hands and a good  
heart throughout a very long term of  
public service, and that his fidelity to his  
convictions and loyalty to his party were  
proof even against the extraordinary  
treatment which he received at the  
hands of his own political household."  
To Sir Charles Tupper this tribute is  
paid: "It is the fortune of a leader who  
meets defeat to receive dispraise and in-  
gratitude, and while it may be that with  
all his bold, constructive genius, Sir  
Charles Tupper lacked the more per-  
suasive qualities of leadership, this at  
least is true, that no braver man ever  
led a party into battle, and no more gal-  
lant fight was ever made to save a field  
than his in 1896." For the late Adolphe  
McCarthy, Mr. Willison appears to  
have but a moderate admiration. Of  
him he writes: "In many respects Mr.  
McCarthy was an admirable figure in  
Canadian politics. He was singularly  
courageous and incorruptible. But in his  
attitude towards Quebec and in his hand-

ling of questions which touched the pas-  
sions and prejudices of the French and  
Catholic people, he was often rash, im-  
politic, and unjust to the last degree."  
Elsewhere, in comparing Sir John Thomp-  
son with the man whom he superseded  
in Sir John A. Macdonald's confidence,  
Mr. Willison pronounces Thompson to  
have been a far greater lawyer than Mc-  
Carthy.

But of course it is not for the salient  
qualities and virtues of Conservative  
statesmen only that the author of "Sir  
Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party"  
has the discerning eye and the ready  
phrase. The above passages are cited  
only to show that spirit of judicial im-  
partiality and tolerance that pervades  
the book and to exemplify Mr. Willison's  
power to epitomize with a few vigorous  
strokes the work and character of public  
men as they appear in the light of popu-  
lar and contemporary judgment.  
On the whole, it must be said that  
valuable as is Mr. Willison's work as a  
contribution to the understanding of Cana-  
dian questions and conditions, it is  
yet more delightful as a familiar study  
of men and of their methods. By reason  
of its warm personal and human coloring,  
rather than by the cold and neutral  
shades of pure scholarship, it seizes upon  
the imagination and holds it under a  
potent spell. "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and  
the Liberal Party" is a work which cannot  
fail to command readers wherever  
there are Canadians who are interested  
in their country, appreciative of just and  
tolerant political discussion and open to  
the charms of a fluent style combined  
with scrupulous accuracy of statement.

One of the new books published by the  
Copp, Clark Company (Limited) is "The  
Sheep Stealers," by Violet Jacob. The  
story is of the Welsh, and begins at a  
time when a new general highway law  
had been passed. Owing to poor har-  
vests and the exorbitant demands made  
upon them by the toll-keepers there had  
been many riots at different gates. The  
villagers of Crislowell form a band, the  
leader of whom is to be known as "Re-  
becca." Rhys Walters is chosen for the  
part. He had been brought up at a col-  
lege, and was superior to them both in  
education and in means, but finding life  
dull entered into the scheme for diversion.  
Rhys has fallen in love with Mary  
Vaughan, a barmaid and daughter of one  
of the toll-keepers. Though he has prom-  
ised to marry her, he hesitates, and  
thereby Mary is lost. Being blinded for a  
moment during an attack on her  
father's gate, and while he is struggling  
with him, Rhys is made to believe that  
he has killed him, though another had  
struck the old man down. He escapes,  
falls in with the sheep-stealers, becomes  
an outlaw, and though near home, lives  
up in the mountains unknown. A queer  
chap, George Williams, takes pity on  
poor Mary, the disgraced, and after hav-  
ing overcome much opposition with a  
truly admirable courage, marries her.  
Rhys, who had so readily forsaken her  
and never given a thought to his base-  
ness, commits suicide on account of the  
fickleness of a shallow-minded though  
better-born girl who was not to be com-  
pared to Mary Vaughan. Rhys' mother  
and their old servant Nan are typical  
characters as are all the dramatic per-  
sonae. The story is realistic and some-  
what "small" in tone, but of considerable  
interest.

A new historical novel, "Calvert of  
Strathmore," by Carter Goodloe, is pub-  
lished by the Copp, Clark Company (Limited).  
Calvert is a typical "American"  
college-bred boy—keen, athletic, practical,  
not too brilliant, but honest and  
strong-willed. The incidents gather prin-  
cipally about the United States Legation  
in Paris, just after the War of In-  
dependence and during the years leading  
up to the French Revolution. Calvert is  
an orphan and a special protégé of Gen-  
eral Washington and great favorite of  
Jefferson and Gouverneur Morris. He  
goes to Paris as Jefferson's secretary,  
and on Jefferson's return to the States  
he goes to London, as Paris contains a  
most beautiful French woman, Madame  
de St. Andre, who has scorned his ad-  
vances. He passes a couple of years be-  
tween Paris and London. Very uninter-  
esting years they are, too, in the  
book, but towards the end there is more  
"go" to the plot. An enemy, wishing  
to hurt Madame de St. Andre, tries to ruin  
her brother politically. Calvert hastens  
immediately to the center of the gather-  
ing revolution and prevents the disaster  
impending over the young man. There  
is a duel and a very interesting mar-  
riage, and an attempt on the part of Cal-  
vert (acting for Gouverneur Morris, the  
then ambassador in Paris) to rescue the  
King from the hands of the people. The  
Reign of Terror does not figure, nor do  
the great French popular leaders. The  
book is written more in the vein of a bio-  
graphical or historical sketch than a  
novel, and is inclined to be somewhat  
tedious. There is a very handsome  
frontispiece by Howard Chandler Christy.

Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. an-  
nounce the second volume of their First  
Folio Shakespeare, to be published in  
April. It is "Loves Labor's Lost," and  
will be distinguished by the same un-  
usual features which mark their "Mid-  
summer Nights Dream"—an absolute re-  
printing of the First Folio text, abun-  
dant notes, variorum readings, glossary,  
criticism, and every aid which the reader  
or scholar may require. The style is the  
dainty "handy volume" form—the being  
the only accurate text accessible in this  
fashion. The editors are Charlotte Por-  
ter and Helen A. Clarke.

The remarkable article by Alfred R.  
Wallace on "Man's Place in the Uni-  
verse," which has attracted so much at-  
tention both in England and this country  
since its appearance in the March  
"Fortnightly," is reprinted entire in the  
"Living Age" for April 4.

The April number of "Mind" begins  
the twelfth volume of the well-known  
metaphysical review. It opens with a  
fine poem by Edwin Markham, entitled  
"Peace Over Africa," which is accom-  
panied with a portrait and biographic  
sketch of the author by C. B. Patterson.  
This article is followed by the first of a  
series of important papers by John Haz-  
elrigg, an author, editor and astrologer  
of established reputation, on "The Sun  
Book: an Astro-Metaphysical Study,"  
which will interest every one familiar  
with the Hebrew and Christian Scrip-  
tures.

It will be difficult to find a more at-  
tractive magazine for the entire house-  
hold than the April "Success," which

**Peer and Peasant in the British Realm**  
have for more than a quarter of a century looked upon  
**Hunyadi Janos** Natural Laxative  
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as the most efficient and yet most gentle remedy for CONSTIPATION  
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in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

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clear, forcible, often picturesque."—Ottawa Evening Journal.  
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amount of information contained is remarkable, and no one who takes an interest in  
political events can afford to be without these volumes."—Extract from editorial in  
Toronto Globe.  
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sideration—Our prices are always  
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coming desperate and chagrined. Finally, came the last resort in customs examination: the victim of suspicion was ordered to disrobe, and on doing so under protest and profanity and evident confusion, a big porous plaster was discovered between his shoulders, and was ordered moved, when the jewels were found.

Editor—You haven't mentioned the bridegroom's name in this wedding story of yours. Reporter—Oh, yes, I have. I've got him down "among those present."



## Easter Styles in Paris.

Paris, March 21.  
VOILES, etamines, eoliennes, smooth and rough faced cloths in all the soft pastel shades; light-weight wools of the cashmere variety, shot and plain taffetas, louisine printed and soft pompadour designs—Voila un tas de jolies choses!—all are to serve as material for Easter toilettes! When one adds to this incrustations of guipure, flounces of tiniest and finest Valenciennes, fine "pinchings," tuckings and all manner of drawn work which may be included under the head of lingerie trimming, effective embroideries and every kind and fashion of passementerie, one has effects that tax even the native enthusiasm of the French saleswoman to describe adequately. To put her extravagance of hyperbole into plain English one must admit that never have the modes seemed more elaborate or more perfectly adjusted to individual taste and preference than now. Luxury, smartness and artistic effects are all presented; the owner of a full purse has an embarrassment of choice, and the modish woman with only a moderate dress allowance has—what is not true in every season—a chance to be original and still strictly within the pale of correct dressing.

The manufacturers themselves deserve credit for a great deal of the charm of the season's fashions. They have presented old materials in designs novel and much more beautiful than seen heretofore. The veils are particularly original this year; for while the plain veils are still in excellent style there are a lot of voiles that combine fancy weavings which give the effect of semi-invisible patterns. Other veils have a glossy silk sheen, and, besides the silk and wool mixtures, a great deal of linen thread is worked into stuffs of this sort. But particular stress should be laid on the veils with a sort of invisible pattern running over their surfaces. Even so trite an article as foulard silk comes out in original patterns, these including novel arrangements of spots; for, as far as is seen now, the spotted foulards are more modish than the flowered ones. The designs include spots of various sizes arranged in curious clusters and comprising several tones of the same color that make up patterns quite new. It is somewhat early yet to speak of the success of foulard gowns, but the best tailors are using foulard as trimming, thus carrying on the fashion act last year. Shot taffeta silks seem sure to go this year, and there are shot effects to be seen also in the thin silk and wool stuffs. A pretty novelty used as a trimming is a plaid louisine silk, excellent as strappings and facings to tailored gowns.

Easter in Paris brings no decided jumps into the styles of another season, as is characteristic of other parts of the world, but the end of Lent still marks the moment when the gowns and fashions of the winter are discarded for something new. Fashions evolve, they never leap, in Paris, and therefore there are no astonishing changes to record. After the New Year the idle members of Parisian society go to the Riviera, the feminine contingent with trunks full of new gowns especially designed for the sunny skies there to be found; and these are sure to represent the first expression of the Paris couturier in regard to the new toilettes. By February the foreign buyers are here, on the lookout for spring and summer models, which must be ready for them at that time. While in Paris no one outside of the business world is conscious of the existence of summer models, the dressmakers, in serving their private clients, can hardly refrain from drawing on their new ideas. Therefore many fancies which properly are supposed to be reserved for a later season, appear first as modish examples of winter gowns made up late in the season.

There is a certain economy in a gown of that sort, for one is not afraid to let it lie over for another season. There are undoubtedly two excellent ways of saving for one's wardrobe; one is to wait until the season opens, and then order sufficient gowns to carry one through it; the other is to keep one's dressmaker continually employed. The first is the simpler method; but the second is generally the choice of the Parisienne, who finds not only a recognized duty, but a keen delight in the constant care and renovating of her wardrobe. With the aid of a competent dressmaker, an account with possible or impending changes, she is always up to date. There is some subtle touch in the arrangement of her winter furs that promises a spring costume which, in its turn, holds out some hint of the season to come. So now, while there is a bewilderment of choice, one may be sure that nothing unexpected will happen when spring has really come.

At the Auteuil races the weather was warm and sunny, and the open carriages brought out to the Bois women with gowns fertile in ideas for spring costumes. There was a noticeable costume in heavy white cloth, trimmed with an embroidery done in white and green. A feature of the trimming was applications of white linen, surrounded with fancy stitches done in white and green silk, this combination of linen on cloth presenting a novel and modish idea. The bolero was trimmed in the same way with a design running down the fronts, continuing on the skirts, to give a princess effect. The ends of the bolero were finished in a passementerie fringe showing the two colors, and elaborate passementerie ornaments closed it. Really little of the short jacket showed, for there was a deep collar over the shoulders (probably one of the silky linens in vogue), strapped with the white cloth, and inset with lace and linen embroideries, and there was a high green belt under the bolero.

There was also to be seen at Auteuil an excellent example of one of the dolman tailored suits, which was quite novel. This was in a soft gray cloth, trimmed in iridescent red and blue silk. The pleated skirt had a band of this silk about the bottom, with a design in red and black braid running over it, and the jacket was trimmed in the same fashion. Under the short, loose dolman sleeves were close pleated sleeves of the fancy silk trimmed with the braid, and braid ornaments and cordeliers closed the garment.

Although boleros have become decidedly popular again, a good many of the short coats are made with some little trimming of tabs taking the place of the backs of skirts are universally pleated or show some fulness, the little jacket ends are as close and tight as possible. A

pretty idea, shown on a tailored suit of black and white mixed cloth, consisted of tablike ornaments woven of a mixed black and white braid. The skirt was cut with a yoke extending in two narrow panels down the back, and this was embroidered in the black and white braid. It seems rather a fashionable whim to carry out on the skirt a design begun on the jacket, thus giving something of a princess effect, without its severity.

One of the first details to be enjoyed in the spring finery will be the long, loose coats of silk or linen toile lined with fancy batiste. This linen toile is a new idea as far as its use on coats is concerned, and while nothing can be more strongly recommended as a novelty, conservative women will probably prefer the silk garment—at least for the spring. But the coats are loose and built much on the same model that have prevailed this winter, and the loose batiste lining is a new feature that cannot be ignored. These linings have the advantage of costing little in the beginning, yet they must be kept perfectly fresh and unruined. The pretty, figured batistes are best for the economically inclined, since they require little or no trimming, while many of the plain, thin linings are extravagantly adorned.

The silk coats will be serviceable, as well as modish, but the very thin coats are too lovely to be passed over with only a word. Those of toile are half covered with perlines of lace and elaborate embroideries, and are closed with complicated cordeliers and ornaments. A coat just completed by a Rue de la Paix couturier is made entirely of figures of cerise linen and Irish lace, with an embroidery in dull shrimp pink thrown over this. The collar and cuffs are of pink cloth, strapped with linen and inset with lace, and the lining is of shirred pink mousseline de soie. Some of the daintiest of these thin coats are made of tiny lines of Valenciennes lace and equally narrow straps of linen hung over silk foundations. A pretty summer idea is a coat of plain thin white muslin elaborately trimmed with lace and hung over a bright silk in a Pompadour design.

This fashion for thin linings may be partly responsible for the large quantity of beautiful thin stuffs which the market produces. The great novelty of the season is the veiled patterns. Some of the silk gauzes show artistic flower designs, which seem to be seen through a veil of smoke. There are heavy black silk nets lying over thin silk gauze, printed in Pompadour designs. These silk gauzes will be the first choice this spring for elaborate indoor gowns.

A material which shows a little Pompadour stripe, veiled with a gray, smoky surface, is made up with a skirt shirred in a yoke about the hips and trimmed with a lot of tiny pleats about the bottom, finished by a double puff. This hangs over a pink silk foundation made with many ruffles. The blouse is shirred about the throat, which is cut without a collar, and again at the waist in such a fashion that no belt is necessary. In place of a choker, a band of black velvet ribbon, lying in a bow behind, is worn. The collar, a very deep, elaborate affair, is of black gauze, embroidered with a white Valenciennes lace design, and with the ends finished with a black fringe reaching down to the waist line. There are also long floats of black ribbon velvet. The sleeves are shirred close at the tops, and are cut to puff out at the elbows over a ruffle of black gauze trimmed with white lace.

One of the little linen laws that have all the brilliancy of silk has a white ground with a narrow Pompadour pattern printed on pale blue stripes. The skirt is cut by a lot of lace entredeux, headed by the tiniest ruching of blue mousseline de soie. About the shoulders is a fichu which tucks under the belt in front and fastens over it in the back, with two rounded ends that hang on the skirt like coat-tails. This fichu is made of lace entredeux edge and blue ruchings, and the gown beneath is trimmed with several rows of entredeux, and is finished about the throat in the circular, collarless fashion. The belt, which runs up high in front, is of blue silk, and the fichu fastens in the back with a blue bow. The sleeves, cut close at the top and to make full bags over the elbows, are trimmed with many lines of lace.

The fashions which have become familiar to us in the white English embroideries appear in silks and linen stuffs. A model for a summer gown is a pale blue linen with an openwork embroidery in this fashion done in black and white floss. The pleated blouse and bottom of the pleated skirt are trimmed with this embroidery and the very bottom of the skirt is finished by a band of black satin, half covered with big French knots done in white floss. This idea of trimming the very bottom of the skirt is now much liked. The belt is of black satin, closed with a big Directorate buckle.

A model for a summer gown is a pale blue linen with an openwork embroidery in this fashion done in black and white floss. The pleated blouse and bottom of the pleated skirt are trimmed with this embroidery and the very bottom of the skirt is finished by a band of black satin, half covered with big French knots done in white floss. This idea of trimming the very bottom of the skirt is now much liked. The belt is of black satin, closed with a big Directorate buckle. The blouse opens to show a narrow vest and small empiement and choker of finely pleated white linen. The choker is half covered by a black satin band, from which falls a rabat of embroidered linen.

A number of the summer models, both

for cloaks and costumes, appear in a thick, soft linen stuff which suggests blotting paper. In fact, the French call it "toile buvard." It makes smart summer tailored suits trimmed with many pates of the same stuff and black cotton braid or ornaments. Piques, especially those dotted and figured, are prominent among the summer models, and they are made dressy with fancy braids and cotton cordeliers and ornaments. A handsome example of a white pique flecked with black has a pleated skirt with the pleats held about the hips by straps of fancy cotton braid, showing a design like that of ermine. This design is one of the hits in summer trimmings. In this instance the braid is again used on the bottom of the skirt, and also to trim a deep collar on the blouse.

Hats are far less flat than they were during the winter. In fact, the most astonishing novelty has a decided turn-up to the brim in the back and a little to one side. This gives a becoming line to the figure, and is a relief after the flat hats which have been so universally worn, and which are still seen. But most women are now putting up their hair for the street, and this will be sure to kill the very flat shapes which are impossible with a high coiffure. The round turban shapes are excellent styles, and there will probably be more of them this spring than any other one shape. The three-cornered shapes are in again, and indeed seem never destined to go out; and there are very smart and dressy shapes of walking hats which stick out in rather exaggerated fashion in front and turn up sharply on the sides. An example of this shape in an elaborate white straw is trimmed by a single large black velvet bow placed on one of the turned-up sides. Pretty summer hats are almost covered with but not made of small flowers. The flowers are quite perfect, and are mingled with foliage. Naturally roses are conspicuous in this design, but all the small flowers, such as hyacinths and anemones, are used. It is rather a relief to find violets not quite so popular this year as before.

## The Spring's Fashions for Men.

THE "Sartorial Art Journal" says of the season's styles: "They are not only so near faultless from an art point of view and so excellent in utility that none can fail to please the eye of the artist and charm the utilitarian, but they are in a multiplicity of styles can, if they are financially able, rejoice in them through the season with greater rejoicing than they ever rejoiced before in a similar way."

As to the new features, the same authority says that there will be less "amplitude than was fashionable last season in all garments during the incoming spring and summer. Men's shoulders will seem to have lessened in width and squareness, their hips will appear less effeminate, and their legs will more emphatically assert their side curves. Overcoats of the sack type will be somewhat shorter and less boxy, and all overgarments will be noticeably narrower and lighter of roll." Coats will be more open in front than they were last season, and the roll will be narrower. Cut-away coats will be more sloped away below the waist, sacks will be shorter and less shaped to the figure, and the frock coat for day dress will be a trifle shorter. Waistcoats will also be cut lower and both single and double-breasted styles will be worn. With business suits the single-breasted waistcoat cut well away from the lowest button, and with day dress double-breasted waistcoats with buttons set on V-shaped, will be worn. Trousers will fit closer at the hip, and there will be more spring over the shoe. On the subject of trousers the "Sartorial Art Journal" says: "The semi-pegs are so emphatically things of the past that any legs around which they may be seen to flop in the incoming season will probably belong to a college student, who follows no fashion but that of his college, or to a—some one who ought to know better."

The head of an old established tailoring establishment said: "This will be a big season for blue serge and blue flannel suits. A Cup race year always creates a boom in that direction. People who never saw a yacht race, to say nothing of owning or going on a yacht, order yachting costumes just to be in it." There seems to be a desire on the part of some people to bring back the knickerbockers for golf, and some men have ordered outfits of that style. But they will be unable to create a demand for the knickerbocker, the tailors think, and fancy striped flannel trousers will be as popular as they were last season. For several years the double-breasted frock in light colors has been worn by tall men. It will be seen again this season more frequently than heretofore, and will have as companion the long cut-away frock coat. This will be worn

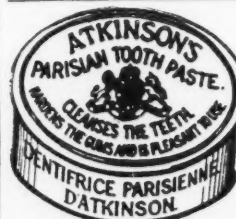


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In furnishing goods the styles are all moderate in tone. The high colored and large figured shirts of a few seasons ago have disappeared entirely, and in their places the shops show neat patterns of black and white and some solid colors. The white summer shirt in stripes and plaids, with plain and pleated fronts, will be worn extensively, and will displace to a great extent the fancy shirt. The loud hosiery has also had its day. This season's styles are, like the shirt, neat and subdued in tone. Black with small figures and black with fancy clocks will be popular. White socks with black or colored side stitching were worn last summer by many men, and it is probable that similar hosiery will be worn this season, but black will be the prevailing color. In speaking of the white sock, a haberdasher said: "Warm weather plays great pranks with set styles. Men who would not dream of wearing a white waistcoat with a dinner coat in town think it the proper thing when they are at the summer resorts. They wear a white necktie, also, with their short coat, and as to the straw hat, that has become quite the proper thing, although the older boys can remember when a straw hat with evening clothes would have been as admissible as a Shaker knit mittens at an 8 o'clock dinner. With the straw hat, the white tie and the white waistcoat, in conjunction with the dinner coat, there was nothing to stop the white socks, and they are certainly as much in place as any of the other warm weather reforms."

Neckwear for spring and summer will be neat rather than loud, and the shapes will be like the materials. The two inch four-in-hand in solid colors, fancy stripes and small figures will be worn until warm weather displaces it. Then the wide end tie will have its day. The straight, old-fashioned string tie which has not been worn for several years, will be seen again if some courageous manufacturers have their way. They made large sample lines of these goods in widths ranging from three-fourths of an inch to one and one-half inches in many colors, but it is safe to predict that no matter how hard they are rushed the string ties will not displace the flare end and batwing articles, of which haberdashers show large and well selected lines.

## The Hotel Chaplain.

One of the most striking proofs of the increase of hotel-dwellers in large cities is the movement which has been started to provide special chaplains for those who sojourn casually or permanently in the big and little hosteries. In New York a Hotel Chaplains' Society has been formed, which includes representatives of most forms of religious belief, as well as prominent hotel-keepers. The Rev. H. M. Warren, who has given up his church to devote himself to the work, thus explains the methods of the association: "No creed or church, you see, is concerned in the hotel chaplain movement. I am only one of them. If a

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patron of the hotel be ill or need the services of a clergyman, I may be called first, but through me any other clergyman will come. I am glad to say that I have lists of every creed, where men have said they were willing to come. That there is a field for the work is proved by the fact that when I first started there was hardly one call for me a week. Now there are as many as three or four a day." It does not appear how the chaplain's salary is to be paid, but this notice has appeared in all the large hotels: "Guests, patrons and friends of this hotel wishing the services of a clergyman are respectfully informed that they may call upon Rev. H. M. Warren,

the hotel chaplain. He will be pleased to render any kind of pastoral service, regardless of creed, nationality or residence. Calls may be sent any hour of the day or night."

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### Snapshots of Birds.

A TREE trunk stalked through the forest.

It was seven feet tall and two feet in diameter, hollow, festooned with vines. Inside it a young man with a camera stood erect.

This tree trunk was made of cheesecloth stretched over a frame of hoops and uprights. The cloth was painted brown—a bark color—and strips of bark were fastened to it here and there. Strips of wild vine hung to it also, while its top was covered with vine leaves.

The young man inside advanced, carrying this trunk along with him, and every little while he would pause and peer into the forest depths with the surreptitious air of a thief.

Suddenly, quietly, he came to a stop. His eyes were fixed upon a certain spot in a tree that stood before him. He raised his camera to a hole in the cheesecloth, focused it, then waited.

An hour he waited, two hours, three hours.

The day was warm, and the sun beat through the vine leaves on to the young man's head, but not a breath of air reached him inside his cheesecloth shelter. His face shone with perspiration; a swarm of little flies, buzzing eternally, tormented him. Nevertheless, with indomitable patience he stood, motionless and silent, inside his cheesecloth tree trunk, waiting.

And finally a bird appeared (a mother bird) at the tree which he faced. She had a worm in her mouth, and she flew straight to the spot that the young man had been regarding. Here there was a nest, and from it now a hungry and faint squawking arose. She stood on the edge of the nest, she gazed down at the three fledglings within that stretched their necks up to her, their mouths open very wide; she put into the mouth of one of them the worm from her own mouth.

As she did so there was a faint click. The young man in the cheesecloth tree trunk had photographed her—photographed her in the very act of feeding her young. He took off the cheesecloth trunk now, lifting it over his head as a woman does her skirt, and he stepped

out from that hot confinement into the forest coolness. He smiled, for he believed he had obtained a good picture. He put his tree trunk under his arm. He walked away at a brisk pace.

Some photographs so obtained give the beholder a shock, for they reveal secrets of animate nature that had been thought to be inviolate. To see a wild and timid little bird standing over her helpless fledglings, with their mouths enormously wide open, she with a worm in her bill, and then to see the mother put her bill into one of those wide-open mouths, so see her help the fledglings to masticate and swallow the worm—that is a sight that hardly a man has ever beheld.

Sometimes the photographer will make his pictures from within an artificial cow. The cow is portable. It is composed of thin muslin stretched over a light framework of split bamboo. The muslin is painted a cow color, and here and there in it are holes for the lens to peer through.

Many a time in the country the farmer has seen the photographer advance with his portable cow on his shoulder, and, following curiously, has beheld the young man set up the animal in a field and get inside it. From it he can study the most intimate secrets of bird life. The little creatures, perched only two or three feet away from him, will conduct themselves as though he was not there; and thus, pointing his camera from one of the portholes in the side of the cow, he is able to get phenomenal pictures.

Sometimes, again, the photographer hides himself in an umbrella. He hangs from the rib points of an open umbrella a circular veil of some thin, dark muslin that covers him completely, and inside this he stalks through the woods looking for birds.

"In order to secure young birds at the time they are ready to leave their nest," said this photographer the other day, "it is necessary to watch them carefully and to remember that the young of different birds leave their nests at different stages of development. For example, young grouse, quail and woodcock leave the nest almost immediately after coming from the eggs, just as chickens do. Ground birds, such as field

sparrows and bobolinks, usually leave it before they can fly at all. Birds whose nests are at some distance from the ground seldom leave them until their wings are fairly well developed. For the smaller birds the age is about twelve days. So you see that in order to know when to expect the young to leave you must know something of the bird and its habits.

"When the young are about ready to leave the nest, make all your arrangements before disturbing them. Select a suitable support; a growing branch on which there are not too many leaves is best, and it is well to isolate this branch by cutting away the immediate surroundings, or otherwise the young will hop about from twig to twig and so get outside the field of your camera. Be sure when focussing on the support to leave sufficient space for the old bird on each side of the young. Do not forget that the weight of the birds will cause the branch to sag; so allow for this when placing the camera. On the choice of the background much depends. A light background is the best.

"In taking the fledglings from the nest be careful not to let them escape, for their powers of hiding are wonderful. Let them once scramble into the scrub, and it may take you hours to find them again. The most certain way is to put them in a bag; then one by one they can be taken out and placed on the branch. As a rule the young rascals will not do anything you wish; they will not stand on the twig; they will fall backward or forward, as though their legs were paralyzed. But just keep on putting each birdling in its place, no matter how often it falls off, and after a while it will lose its obstinacy and behave as a young bird should.

"Now we will consider that all the young ones are sitting quietly on the branch, and you have your camera in readiness. The next step is to induce the mother bird to come. For your success in doing this patience is necessary; but by far the most important consideration is the bird's disposition. Should she be naturally tame your troubles will be few. I once spent two entire days in trying to coax a crow to come and find her young, who were posing before the camera, but without success."

### Indians Resort to the Divorce Court.

THE Indians of South Dakota have discovered the beauties of the divorce laws of that State, and are taking advantage of them. The Chamberlain correspondent of the New York "Herald" declares that at the present rate of increase, the Indian divorce mill of South Dakota will in five years become more extensive than the ready-made divorce factory for Easterners, and adds: "While an Indian divorce was an unheard of thing half a decade ago, sixteen petitions for legal separation have been filed at Oaoma alone during the last year by full-blooded Sioux bucks and squaws. Divorces have come to the Indians as one of the heritages of civilization. The Indian officials have been trying for twenty years to induce the Indians to be married according to the white man's law. Now they have almost succeeded. But the same law has taught them the interesting fact that they can change wives or husbands. They fail to understand that the divorce law is anything but a means of attaining the luxury of an unlimited number of marriages. Many bucks and squaws who know not a word of English, and bear no mark of civilization except that of clothes, come to the attorneys' offices here and in Oaoma and ask for divorces when they have no other reason but a desire to form a new marriage. Bigamy is not a crime in the eyes of the Indians. They point to other Indians who have had many wives, and ask why they cannot when the law provides the way. When the Indian tribes were placed on reservations and cut off from their native wild life, their respect for their own social laws dwindled. It was not long until many were living in utter disregard of the family obligations. Bucks deserted squaws and squaws took on new husbands without any formality, and without any reason except their whim. Bigamy was erased from the calendar of tribal offences. It was to remedy this evil that the government officials and the church missionaries demanded that the Indians be married according to the South Dakota laws. Now that they have found out about the divorces they seek to return to their old free life through the divorce avenue. At the last term of court at Oaoma, Burnt Prairie, a well-known old warrior, testified proudly that he had had thirty-six wives. The new order of things means that his son will probably want as many wives, but will endeavor to have them in compliance with the white man's law, through frequent application to the divorce courts."

"The Indian marriage of to-day is a curious mixture of civilized methods and tribal ceremonies," continues the correspondent. "Unwilling to give up their traditional customs, the Indians are now using both the tribal and civilized marriage laws. The young bucks, in the manner of the Sioux, then is married by a justice of the peace or a missionary clergyman. Justices of the peace in Oaoma, it is said, have been visited by as many as thirty couples at the same time, all demanding immediate marriage. The Episcopal missions are proving most popular, however. The Indians are mystified and charmed by the elaborate ceremony of the Episcopal marriage, so they now look up these churches to finish the elaborate tribal custom of choosing wives and husbands. They want to be married by high church form. They think this more in keeping with their own ceremony than the few, informal words in a dingy little justice's office. As many of the Indian marriages must be performed through interpreters, so the divorce hearings are carried on largely through intermediaries. It is a novel sight to witness copper-hued Sioux Indians, tribesmen with those who slew Custer's army, sitting about a court-room and watching with solemn mien the red tape of a modern court."

### The Humorist's Heroine.

I was weary. For a whole evening I had sat, listlessly chewing the end of my pen-holder and waiting for the ideas to come. Suddenly she jumped right out of the ink-well.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I'm the girl that goes into all your jokes," she replied with some asperity. "Wish you'd get into a few of them

## THE CECILIAN

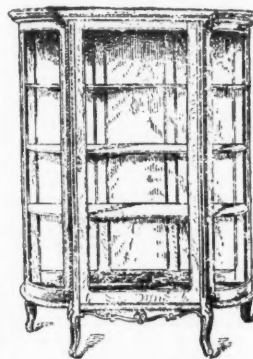
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- CHINA CABINET, No. 614**—3 feet 5 inches wide, in quarter-cut oak, golden finish, with glass door and bent glass ends, beveled British plate glass on top, 3 shelves grooved for plates, net ..... \$22.00
- CHINA CABINET, No. 841**—3 feet 9 inches wide, made inside and out of fine quarter-cut oak, golden finish, with 2 British plate mirrors, one inside and one in upper back, 3 grooved shelves, a handsome, well-built cabinet, our own make, net ..... \$38.00
- CHINA CABINET, No. 843**—3 feet 8 inches wide, similar to above, but with British plate mirror above each shelf inside, and three mirrors in upper back, net ..... \$47.50
- CHINA CABINET, No. 801**—For corner, in fine quarter-cut oak, golden or weathered finish, 2 mirrors above and two inside, net ..... \$45.00
- CHINA CABINET, No. 1843**—2 feet 3 inches wide, Sheraton style, in mahogany with inlaid lines, 3 plate glass shelves, plate mirror back inside and above, a very beautiful cabinet, our own make, net ..... \$60.00
- CHINA CABINET, No. 1638**—3 feet wide, in weathered quarter-cut oak, fitted with 2 shelves inside and one below, a very quaint design, net ..... \$56.00
- CHINA CABINET**—3 feet wide, built of fine crotch mahogany, in Colonial style, with secretary below, mahogany fretwork on glass doors and ends, net ..... \$84.00

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"I'm going to strike."

"And all the other girls would be dying with envy."

"It makes no dif—"

"And I was going to marry you to an English duke—"

"I don't care."

"And he would turn out to be a matinee hero in disguise."

"Well, I suppose it would be mean of me to quit without giving you fair warning," she smiled, going back into the ink-well.—Judge.

"Did you give that woman two good eggs for her five cents?" asked the corner-grocer of the new boy. "I did, sir." "You're discharged. You should have sold her two bad eggs, so that she'd come back to kick, and give me a chance to sell her a porterhouse steak."—Baltimore "News."

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### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

**Births.**

Wrong—March 31, Toronto, Mrs. George M. Wrong, a daughter.

Bate—March 23, Kingston, Mrs. Charles F. Bate, a son.

McKay—March 29, Stratford, Mrs. W. J. McKay, a daughter.

Geddes—March 24, Toronto, Mrs. Langford R. Geddes, a son.

Jones—March 21, Toronto, Mrs. James Edmund Jones, a daughter.

Gledhill—March 24, Toronto, Mrs. R. A. Gledhill, a son.

Partridge—March 22, Manitowaning, Mrs. H. L. Partridge, a son.

Doxsee—March 28, Perth, Mrs. W. Morley Doxsee, a son.

Scott—March 26, Toronto, Mrs. J. McP. Scott, a son (still-born).

**Marriages.**

Pascoe—Bailentyne—March 31, Toronto, John A. Pascoe to Rachel Bailentyne.

Harris—Mollington—March 21, Toronto, William F. Harris to Jessie Caroline Mollington.

Clark—Kennedy—March 25, Scarborough, Hugh K. Clark to Elizabeth E. Kennedy.

Wilcox—Welland—March 25, Milton, Paustus A. Wilcox to Mary K. Welland.

Drew—Werner—March 27, Toronto, Alston P. Drew to Marie Frances Werner.

Temple—Wright—March 21, Toronto, James R. Temple to Laura Alma Wright.

Weekes—Armour—March 25, Toronto, William M. Weekes to Netta Mabel Armour.

Kirby—Drew—March 31, Toronto, Fred Arthur Kirby to Laura Louise Day.

**Deaths.**

Toy—April 1, Toronto, Mrs. Martha M. Toy.

Moore—March 31, Galt, George V. Moore, aged 29 years.

Robertson—Toronto, D. D. Robertson, aged 81 years.

Ferrier—March 31, Markham, Franklin R. Ferrier, aged 23 years.

Lindsay—Toronto, Mrs. Margaret Lindsay, aged 64 years.

Burt—Governor's Road, Township Brantford, Robert Burt, aged 82 years.

Garrett—April 1, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Henry A. Garrett, aged 83 years.

McClery—March 20, Vancouver, B.C., Mrs. Mary McClery, aged 59 years.

Walker—March 31, Glenora, Samuel J. Walker, aged 64 years.

Gordon—March 28, Baltimore, Maryland, Dr. D. G. Gordon, aged 44 years.

Gilmore—Toronto, Emma M. E. Gilmore, Summers—March 30, Toronto, Mrs. Ellen Summers.

Hill—March 25, Toronto, Mrs. Ann Urquhart Hill.

Crawford—March 31, Toronto, Robert Crawford, aged 75 years.

Merson—March 31, Toronto, Gordon Chapman Merson, aged 7 years.

Gilmor—March 31, Toronto, Isaac C. Gilmor.

Kirkland—March 31, Toronto, Mrs. Janet McKay Morrison Kirkland.

Scott—March 31, Toronto, Mrs. Elizabeth Young Scott.

Stark—March 30, Toronto, Mrs. Helen Purdie Stark.

Donaldson—March 29, Toronto, William Ramsay Donaldson, aged 18 years.

Innes—March 29, Toronto, Mrs. Annie Scott Innes.

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